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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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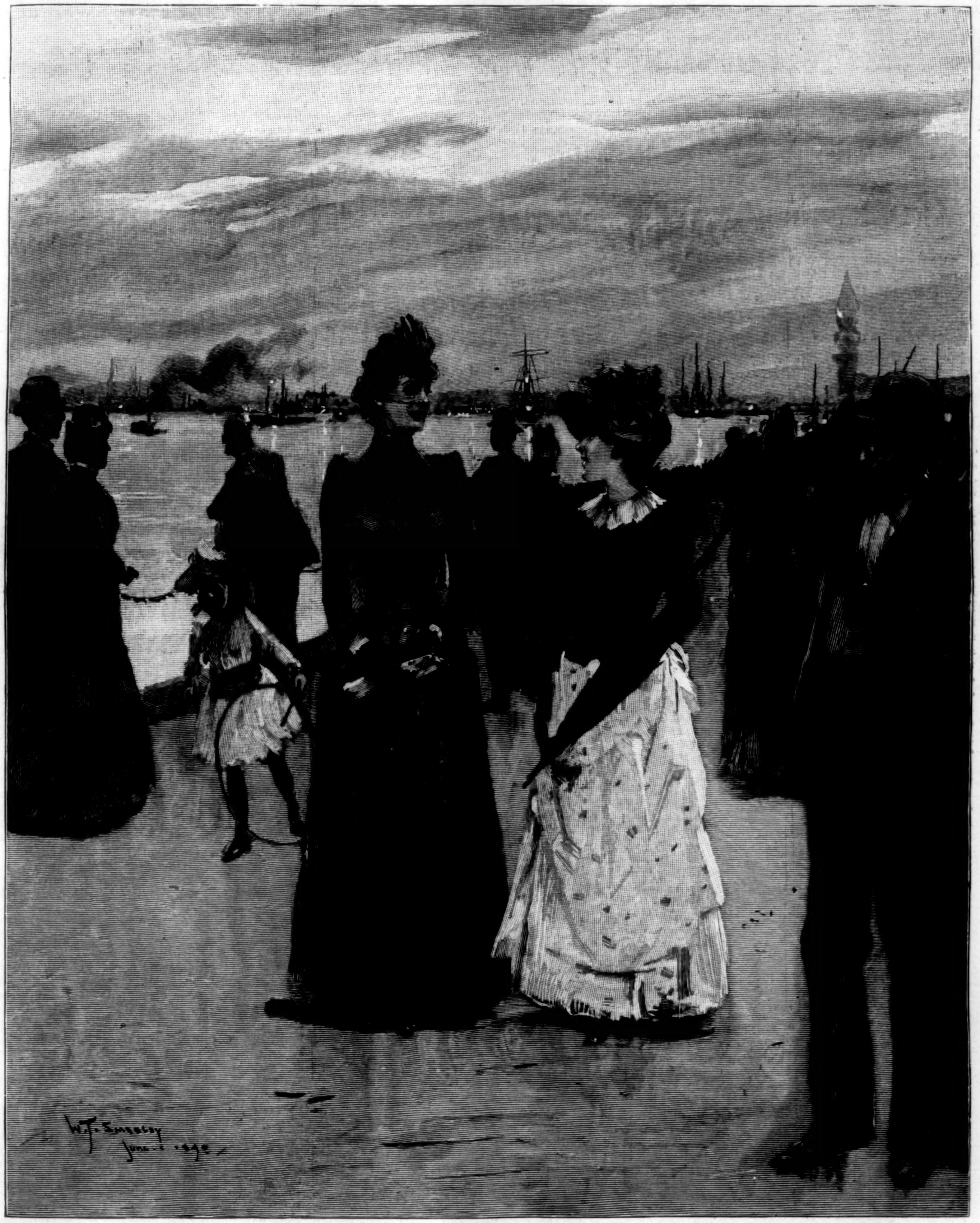

A SUMMER EVENING ON THE BATTERY.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 594.]

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No. 1754.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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MR. BLAINE'S LETTER.

MANY and various reasons are assigned for Mr. BLAINE'S letter to Mr. FRYE, and the universal comment upon it has given the letter the importance of a political event. The Springfield *Republican*, a careful and sagacious observer, is of opinion that two-thirds of the Republican press approve the letter. But there have been also unequivocal signs of dissatisfaction, and in some quarters there has been impatient censure. There is evident consciousness that the strong dissent from the MCKINLEY bill expressed by Mr. BLAINE not only imperils its passage, but reveals a division of sentiment in the party. Mr. BLAINE is too shrewd a politician not to have comprehended the necessary result of such a letter, and the result, therefore, must be assumed to have been designed by him. Of long experience in public life, the acknowledged leader of his party, and, by courtesy, the prime minister of the President, he could not condemn the chief legislative measure of his party without knowing that the consequences must be serious. Should the bill pass the Senate and reach the President, he could not veto it without breaking with Congress, nor sign it without parting with his Secretary of State.

Mr. BLAINE substantially reaffirms the old Whig doctrine of protection as laid down by HENRY CLAY. Domestic industry under that doctrine was to be encouraged by opening to it the widest possible market. Mr. BLAINE'S objection to the MCKINLEY bill is that it will not "open a market for another bushel of wheat nor another barrel of pork." It is not improperly compared to the Chinese wall, because it apparently contemplates production for a home market alone. Its theory is that of a secluded nation dependent solely upon itself. But, says Mr. BLAINE, the most injurious complaint of the protective policy is that it does not benefit the great producing class in the country, which is the farming interest. Here, however, is an opportunity for a Republican Congress to open the markets of forty millions of people to American farms, and the MCKINLEY bill throws it away. Cuba and Porto Rico furnish the United States with one-half of the sugar that we consume, and the bill proposes to give a free market to this Spanish product, while Spain excludes the product of American farms from her markets. The same thing is true of Brazil and her coffee. We are closing the doors of a reciprocity profitable for us. The European market for our bread-stuffs also is narrowing. Our obvious policy is the extension of our market on both of the American continents.

Whether this principle is not applicable to all our trade—whether it is not, in fact, the natural principle of all commerce—is not now the question. The question immediately suggested by the letter of Mr. BLAINE is of the Republican choice between his view and Mr. MCKINLEY'S. The House has pronounced for Mr. MCKINLEY. Will the Senate join and the President approve? In that event shall we find Mr. BLAINE asking Mr. WEBSTER'S famous question, Where shall *I* go? Is he to stand toward the Republican as Mr. WEBSTER at last stood toward the Whig party? Or does his letter and its Republican support indicate the real Republican tendency? The opposition to it is strongly marked by Mr. REED and Mr. MCKINLEY, and by the passage in the House of the tariff and election bills. This conflict of views is now the most interesting point in the political situation. It gives peculiar interest to the question of the Gubernatorial nomination in Minnesota.

PARTY POLITICS AND PERSONAL HONESTY.

THE Troy *Press* having called upon the Springfield *Union* to say whether it thought Senator QUAY to be an honest man, the *Union* answers: "Party politics has nothing to do with individual honesty." Such an answer is not a reply. The question concerning Mr. QUAY is not his politics, but his honesty. Misuse of public funds is not politics, and such misuse is the charge against Mr. QUAY. The charge, as made by the *Evening Post* and the *World*, and not yet answered in any way whatever by Mr. QUAY, is this: that between 1879 and 1882, when he was Secretary of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, he took money out of the State Treasury, and lost $260,000 of it in stock speculation, and was saved from exposure by the assistance of Senator DON CAMERON, to avoid the scandal the transaction would bring on the party. This is the charge. If untrue, Mr. QUAY could at once disprove it by a suit for libel, and upon the disproof, the exemplary verdict against the papers would be a public service for which the whole country would be grateful.

This is the charge which, under the circumstances, is practically admitted by silence; and the Springfield *Union*, being asked if it thinks such a man honest, answers that such a charge is "silly blackguarding," that to pay attention to it would be "fighting windmills," and that "party politics has nothing to do with individual honesty." That is as wise as saying, when a grocer is accused of sanding his sugar, "business integrity has nothing to do with individual honesty." The *Union* is a Republican paper, and the Republican party was founded to redress a moral wrong, and was derided as a party of moral ideas. Is it one of its moral ideas that to misuse the money of other people is politics, and politics have nothing to do with individual honesty? The *Union* is a Massachusetts paper, and the greatest Republican Senator from Massachusetts, CHARLES SUMNER, insisted that politics were moral principles applied to public affairs.

The *Union* says that QUAY'S "truth" is too well known to be assailed except by the most rabid partisanship. But the thing best known about the Chairman of the National Republican Committee is a charge of dishonesty so detailed, distinct, and circumstantial that WASHINGTON himself would not have disregarded it, which eminent Republicans of his own State believe to be true, which, if untrue, could be instantly denied and completely disproved, but of which he takes no notice. To say that the truth of such a person is too well known to require a reply is to trifle with words, and wholly to misconceive the situation and the significance of silence.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

A MAYOR of New York who should end his message to the Board of Aldermen by reminding them that "we have sworn before the Great Ruler of all to be faithful, diligent, and upright in the fulfilment of the trust reposed in us, and that only by fidelity, diligence, and integrity in that trust can we expect His blessing on our endeavors, or obtain the lesser reward of approbation from our fellow-citizens," would be regarded as an extraordinary "crank" by the gentlemen who call themselves practical politicians, and his remarks would have an extraordinary sound in the ears of those who are familiar with the present spirit of municipal politics. Yet the words are those of the Mayor of New York in his message of May 14, 1844—a Mayor in whom the WEEKLY has a peculiar interest, for his name was JAMES HARPER. The message, which we have lately seen, touches the chief points of a city administration with a good sense and clearness of recommendation which are refreshing. The Mayor, for instance, can see no good reason why one hundred thousand dollars should be expended annually for cleaning the streets, since elsewhere contractors are found who do the work at their own expense, compensating themselves by the sale of the refuse.

But the beginnings of later abuses are evident from the exhortations of the message to greater economy in "what may be called personal and private purposes, such as entertainments, receptions of distinguished visitors, carriage hire, refreshments, and the like." The Mayor remarks what General GRANT long afterward repeated, that the rigid enforcement of laws reveals those that are inexpedient, and that a simple code strictly enforced is very much better than an elaborate and detailed system of laws with lax execution. He calls attention to the immense number of licensed liquor shops and the evils attending them, and demands, as public sentiment now demands, the vigorous redress which the laws authorize. Another flagrant abuse which the Mayor mentions is that of the opening of streets and the imposition of assessments. He states it strongly and comprehensively, plainly seeing the tendencies in this as in other practices which the good sense of the city must arrest or pay the penalty. But the most interesting aspect of this Message is Mayor HARPER'S clear perception of the true character of a city government, and of the principles upon which it should be administered. Upon this point his words are most pertinent to the present situation. The fact that national party politics have come to dominate city elections, "that the peculiar interests of the citizens, as such, have too often been lost sight of in the exclusive regard that has been paid to their interests or their opinions as a portion of the whole American people," is put with great force and felicity. The consequences which ended in his election could not be stated more satisfactorily than in his own words:

> "Hence arose complaints, augmenting in loudness and frequency year after year, that the good government of the city was not adequately provided for; that wholesome laws were not enforced; that expenses, and consequently taxation, were enormously increased without any corresponding advantage to the tax-payers; that official duties were neglected; that measures were undertaken and persevered in for mere political objects; and, in a word, that the administration of the city's affairs had become rather an evil than a benefit. The dissatisfaction hence arising became at length so general and so deep-rooted that it led almost unavoidably to the formation of a third political party among the citizens, or perhaps I should rather say a political organization distinct from party, which specifically set forth as its object the removal of the causes inducing that dissatisfaction without reference to any other political movement or purpose whatever, and proposed the establishment of a city government unconnected with purposes and considerations relating to the government of the State or of the Union."

It is well to recall the wise words of Mayor HARPER when the development of the evils denounced by him forty-six years ago has again aroused public indignation and attention, and his singular good sense and foresight are illustrated by the concluding passage of his message:

> "There is one department of official duty, gentlemen, in regard to which it seems to me an erroneous practice has very extensively prevailed; I mean that of appointing to office. It has become the rule to bring all appointments, even to the lowest grades of office, as much as possible within the direct action of the Common Council; and one of the obvious evil consequences has been the substitution of a political test in the selection of officers for that which should alone be considered—fitness for the place."

The Mayor suggests that the highest officer in each department should appoint his subordinates, urging as the reason:

> "The doing away of mere political or party considerations in appointment to office would in itself be a great gain, and it seems to me that such would be among the certain results of the plan proposed."

This was more than twenty years before Mr. JENCKES proposed in Congress to introduce the same reform which the good sense of the country has now approved, and to the support of which HARPER'S WEEKLY was plainly pledged by its name.

ORIGINAL PACKAGES.

IT was not probable that the original package decision of the Supreme Court would arrest the movement to secure State regulation or prohibition of the liquor traffic. It has only given the movement another form and direction, and it is now proposed that Congress shall place such legislation beyond national contest, and also that it shall define the term original packages. The opinion of the dissenting minority of the court held in effect that the regulation of the traffic in a State belonged to the police power which is inherent in the State, and is reserved to it by the Constitution. If this be so, Congress cannot deprive a State of such power, and the inter-State act is so far invalid. But the court by a majority decided that the act was not invalid, but did prevent the State from prohibiting the sale of liquor in the original packages in which it was imported. A bill giving the State exclusive power to regulate the traffic is open to the objection that if the regulation of the traffic in a State be within the police power, and that power is inherent in the State, such an act is superfluous and of bad precedent, since the powers of a State are not derived from Congress.

As Congress alone can regulate inter-State commerce it is proposed to define an original package to mean cases of not less than a dozen bottles or casks of at least five gallons, and to provide that such packages alone can be lawfully sold when imported. The liquor interest is naturally opposed to the State power of regulation and prohibition, being very sure that national prohibition is not to be feared. Under the decision of the court the situation is difficult, because it is not desirable that Congress should assume to define or authorize the police power in a State, or, on the other hand, to surrender to a State its own power of regulating commerce. The minority judges—GRAY, HARLAN, and BREWER—declare that the police power extends to the control and regulation of things "which when used in a lawful and proper manner are subjects of property and of commerce, and yet may be used so as to be injurious or dangerous to the public safety, the public health, or the public morals." This is a complete authority over the regulation and prohibition of the local traffic in liquor, which, however, the court as a majority denies, so far as concerns the sale of liquor in original packages, because that would be a regulation of commerce.

It cannot be argued that any inherent power of the States can be invoked to regulate inter-State commerce, because that is a power which the State surrendered in adopting the Constitution or on its admission to the Union. But the prohibition by a State of the sale of an article which Congress allows to be imported into it comes very near an interference with commerce. If New York could forbid the sale of all articles the importation of which into the State Congress authorizes, the power of Congress to regulate commerce would be of small importance. The doctrine that the police power of a State extends to the prohibition of the sale of articles lawfully imported would seem therefore to admit that it is a power which may regulate inter-State commerce. The question, as we said when the decision was announced, is of the highest importance. The decision overrides the prohibitory power of the State in the particular case, and the remedy in respect to the sale of liquor is not obvious.

A STATUE OF COLUMBUS.

THE movement among the Italian residents for a statue of COLUMBUS is a very natural and proper form of commemorating the great discoverer. The fact that in the great city of the New World there is no such monument shows how little real feeling there is for him of the kind which is expressed in such forms, and how factitious is much of the sentiment from which the project of the Fair is supposed to have sprung. The present movement contemplates a monument of COLUMBUS to be presented to the city of New York by a society of Italian citizens, and the work has been awarded to GAETANO RUISO, in Italy.

It will consist of a granite column seventy-five feet in height, upon which will stand a marble figure of COLUMBUS in an Admiral's costume, and from the sides of the column will project representations of the prows of the three ships of his little fleet—the *Niña*, *Pinta*, and *Santa Maria*. Upon the pedestal there will be bass-reliefs of incidents in his life. We trust that the work will not be unworthy of the greatness of the man and of the event. Indeed no sculptor could desire a nobler figure for a portrait statue than COLUMBUS, and the incidents of no life could lend themselves more readily to picturesque treatment.

One happy result of the commemoration of 1892 will be the general familiarity of the public mind with a great historic figure of whom little more than the name is usually known. It was a fortunate thought of the father of our literature, who first made it known, to write the life of COLUMBUS. IRVING's biography is a charming work, full of sympathy with the romantic heroism of the discoverer's career. The description of the approach to the land of his dream, the odors in the air, the twigs and drift that floated out as harbingers, and the light on the shore at evening, is all very delightful, and not to be forgotten. At the Fair we shall celebrate our own greatness. But the greatness of the man who gave us our opportunity will be celebrated by the statue, and by the intelligent admiration of a nation.

PUBLIC MONEY AND FAMOUS PICTURES.

THE pecuniary value of fame was illustrated last year in the sale of MILLET's "Angelus." In the case of painters and poets, however, it seems often fashion rather than fame which awards the prize. It is doubtful whether MILLET's works will continue to hold the public regard in a degree proportioned to that indicated by the sale of the "Angelus." But, on the other hand, the works of older masters do not decline in value. It is stated in London that two gentlemen recently guaranteed $150,000 if the government would give $125,000 to buy for the National Gallery three famous pictures from Lord RADNOR's collection at Longford Castle.

One of them is the largest canvas of HOLBEIN, "The Ambassador"; another is the portrait of Admiral PAREJA, by VELASQUEZ, which is said to be one of the two chief works of this master out of Spain; and the third is a portrait by MORONI. The price of none of them is as large as that which was paid for the "Angelus," but more than $90,000 each for three pictures is a great price. The government pays nearly half the sum, and, it is said, would not have paid the whole.

In this country, even when we had an immense surplus, a proposition to pay a great amount of money for pictures, which were not commemorative, but merely famous works of art, would have produced a general protest. They order this matter differently elsewhere, because elsewhere the proper functions of government are not so severely scrutinized as here. For such public aid in this country there must be some patriotic or historic plea. Certainly no one can complain that Congress grants money for commemorative monuments on battle-fields of the Revolution, or that States contribute statues of their eminent sons to the gallery in the Capitol. But if we concede a public appropriation for a public library to be wise, it is not easy to see why the same argument would not apply to a good picture as to a good book.

FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.

THERE was universal surprise that the Western Union building in New York should have been so rapidly and completely destroyed by fire. It was supposed that so immense and costly a structure, the central exchange of the news of the continent, would be as nearly fire-proof as a building could be. But so swift was the progress of the fire that the loss of life would probably have been large if the building had been filled with people as it was during the busy part of the day. In fact, however, whether this building was properly guarded or not, it is now evident that there is no completely fire-proof building. The great fires at Boston and Chicago showed that neither stone nor iron can resist the intense heat of a vast conflagration.

The most that can be secured seems to be the construction of walls and frames and floors of non-combustible material, and the completest possible separation of different stories, and the utmost care. Every great building is usually filled with inflammable matter, and when that is true there can be no absolute security against fire. The question is one of degree. If the structure be non-combustible, and the stories be effectually separable, and constant care be taken, these are all the possible conditions for retarding destruction. But when fire becomes, as at Chicago and Boston, a roaring maelstrom of flame, everything will disappear.

Much public precaution, however, yet remains to be taken. The precautions required of public resorts, theatres, and halls are not sufficiently vigorous. No theatre, for instance, should be licensed which does not provide ample means of immediate egress. There can be no doubt what is ample egress, and everybody can judge for himself whether it is now generally provided in such places. The remedy is in the public hands. If the public press should denounce in every instance the want of proper provision, and the public should refuse its attendance upon places so denounced, there would be a speedy change.

EX-SECRETARY McCULLOCH.

THE Indianapolis *Journal* pays a just tribute to ex-Secretary of the Treasury HUGH McCULLOCH, whose recent illness awakened general anxiety. The *Journal* says of him truly that Mr. McCULLOCH is a remarkable instance of a man far removed from practical politics or office-seeking who was called to public place solely for his singular fitness and high character. His signal financial ability was attested by his conduct of the Treasury at the most difficult and trying moments. It was in March, 1865, not long before Mr. LINCOLN's death, that Mr. McCULLOCH was appointed Secretary. The public debt and interest were at the highest point ever reached, and the new Secretary instituted the policy which has since been faithfully and wisely pursued.

The debt was $2,381,530,294, and the annual interest charge was $150,977,697. When he left office in 1869 the debt was $2,162,060,522, and the interest charge, $125,523,998. Mr. McCULLOCH began by meeting the matured obligations of the government, including the payment of the soldiers and sailors, and then turned to the great problem of reduction and funding. This, with the earliest possible return to specie payment, he steadily urged, and the *Journal* thinks that to Mr. McCULLOCH more than to any financial Secretary since the war, except Mr. CHASE, is the country indebted. When he returned to the same office at the close of the ARTHUR administration, Mr. McCULLOCH showed the same qualities and merited the same praise.

The charming nature of the man is revealed in his *Reminiscences*, one of the most interesting and historically valuable books of the kind in American literature. The kindliness, modesty, and simplicity which it displays are exceedingly attractive. The clearness and force of his financial views, as well as his tranquil independence, are illustrated by his more recent letters upon tariff reform. Politically Mr. McCULLOCH is the sole conspicuous survivor of the best kind of HENRY CLAY Whig, and it is easy to understand, in contemplating his career, his character, and his views, why that kind of Whig so long commanded the sympathy of the intelligence and conscience of the country.

MRS. HENDRICKS AND GOVERNOR HILL.

MRS. HENDRICKS denies the report of the conversation at her house upon occasion of Governor HILL's visit to Indianapolis. It was published everywhere in the country, and the lady's own part in it was the most amusing. The story as universally told was significant of the Democratic feeling hostile to Mr. CLEVELAND. The conversation seemed to have taken place in presence of reporters, and for the purpose of publication. And now, after some time has passed, Mrs. HENDRICKS denies the part attributed to her. As we alluded to it, it is only fair to state that Mrs. HENDRICKS disclaims it.

Who, then, is responsible for the story? It is certainly important to ascertain, because one such elaborate falsehood discredits all similar stories hereafter. The value of news is greatly impaired when any statement of reported fact can be challenged upon the ground of such misrepresentation. Indeed, it is questionable whether there is not already a certain suspicion of every important assertion if there be not some collateral evidence. Rumor, misrepresentation, partisan coloring, and falsehood are all so ingeniously blended that the reader is a little, or a great deal, uncertain whether he has or has not read the news of the day.

The reporter, indeed, is an artist, and he has the artist's instinct to produce the best effect. Yet he, in turn, is at the mercy of the imperfect information or the prejudiced representations of others. So perhaps upon the whole we must be grateful in any particular case that we come so near the truth. In the case under consideration we may assume that Governor HILL did go to Indianapolis and did call upon Mrs. HENDRICKS; that some conversation ensued, and that it is not improbable, if it touched political topics, that Mrs. HENDRICKS' observations were susceptible of an interpretation which made her appear not altogether ill-disposed toward the possible candidacy of the Governor for another office.

A GLIMPSE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AMONG the Americans now in Europe whose observations are fresh and interesting is Mr. F. B. SANBORN, whose hand we seem to recognize in letters to the Springfield *Republican*. If we are mistaken in the artist, the picture is none the less excellent. Thus in the House of Commons he says:

> "I have had no chance yet to hear Mr. GLADSTONE speak at any length; but it is enough to see him among his supporters in the House to recognize that he is the one great man among a mob of able but inferior statesmen. Talent, polish, courtesy, self-control, are manifest among the Tory leaders; nothing can surpass the good manners of Lord HARTINGTON, the good-nature of W. H. SMITH, and the self-controlled audacity of Mr. BALFOUR; but they lack the regnant and earnest spirit which shows itself through the back of Mr. GLADSTONE's coat as he glides out into the lobby, as well as in his eagle-like activity when facing the ministry on his bench across the big table, at one end of which sits the Speaker under his winged wig, and at the other end lies the awful mace. The opposition speakers have much to say, and many of them, like Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, Mr. BRYCE, JOHN MORLEY, JUSTIN McCARTHY, etc., say it well, but there is a composure and sense of power in the Tory speakers which I have thus far seen manifested on the other side chiefly by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. GLADSTONE. It apparently requires some generations of descent or a great inward impulse to give a Parliamentary debater the assured tone which influences or exasperates in this odd but powerful assembly. The Irish members have a good cause and fluent tongues, but they speak too long, too often, and too much in the tone of school-boys rebelling against their school-master; the confident, courteous, and masterful air which has always carried Parliaments, and always will, seldom abides with them. The manners of the House are grown more civil and democratic since GOLDSMITH wrote,
>
> "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
> I see the lords of human kind pass by"—
>
> the day of CHATHAM and FOX and BURKE; but the long, loose frock-coats, loose trousers, and drab gaiters now cover as much aristocratic domination, under milder forms, as did the embroidered waistcoats and powdered heads of GEORGE II.'s time. Mr. GLADSTONE is a more religious statesman than was at any time in fashion during the period of WALPOLE, the FOXES, and the PITTS, but he has much of the impetuosity of CHATHAM, with a better-balanced judgment, and much of the liberality of FOX, curiously combined with the conservatism of BURKE."

PERSONAL.

COLONEL J. T. L. PRESTON, a superb specimen of a gentleman of the old school, and a representative of one of the best families in Virginia, has recently died at Lexington. He was a West Point graduate, and for many years senior Professor in the Virginia Military Institute. By his second marriage he became General Stonewall JACKSON's brother-in-law, his wife, MARGARET PRESTON, being the writer of a number of well-known poems. Two of his sons are noted clergymen of the Southern Presbyterian Church.

—Captain KANE, who successfully took the British war vessel *Calliope* to sea during the storm which drove several American men-of-war on the reefs at Apia, Samoa, has been made commander of the *Inflexible*, one of the most powerful battle ships of the English navy.

—The sound of the wedding bells in the tower of Westminster Abbey, the march played by the organ, and the hymn sung by a choir at the STANLEY wedding ceremonies were all caught and recorded by phonographs; and a phonograph with these records was presented to the bride by Colonel GOURAND.

—The original manuscript of BURNS's great battle song, "Scots wha hae," was picked up recently for a small sum by JOHN S. KENNEDY, of New York, while he was abroad. He offered it to the city of Edinburgh for the price he had paid, and it was gladly accepted, with a vote of thanks from the Town Council.

—Baron ROTHSCHILD is an ardent philatelist, and devotes much time and money to collecting and arranging stamps.

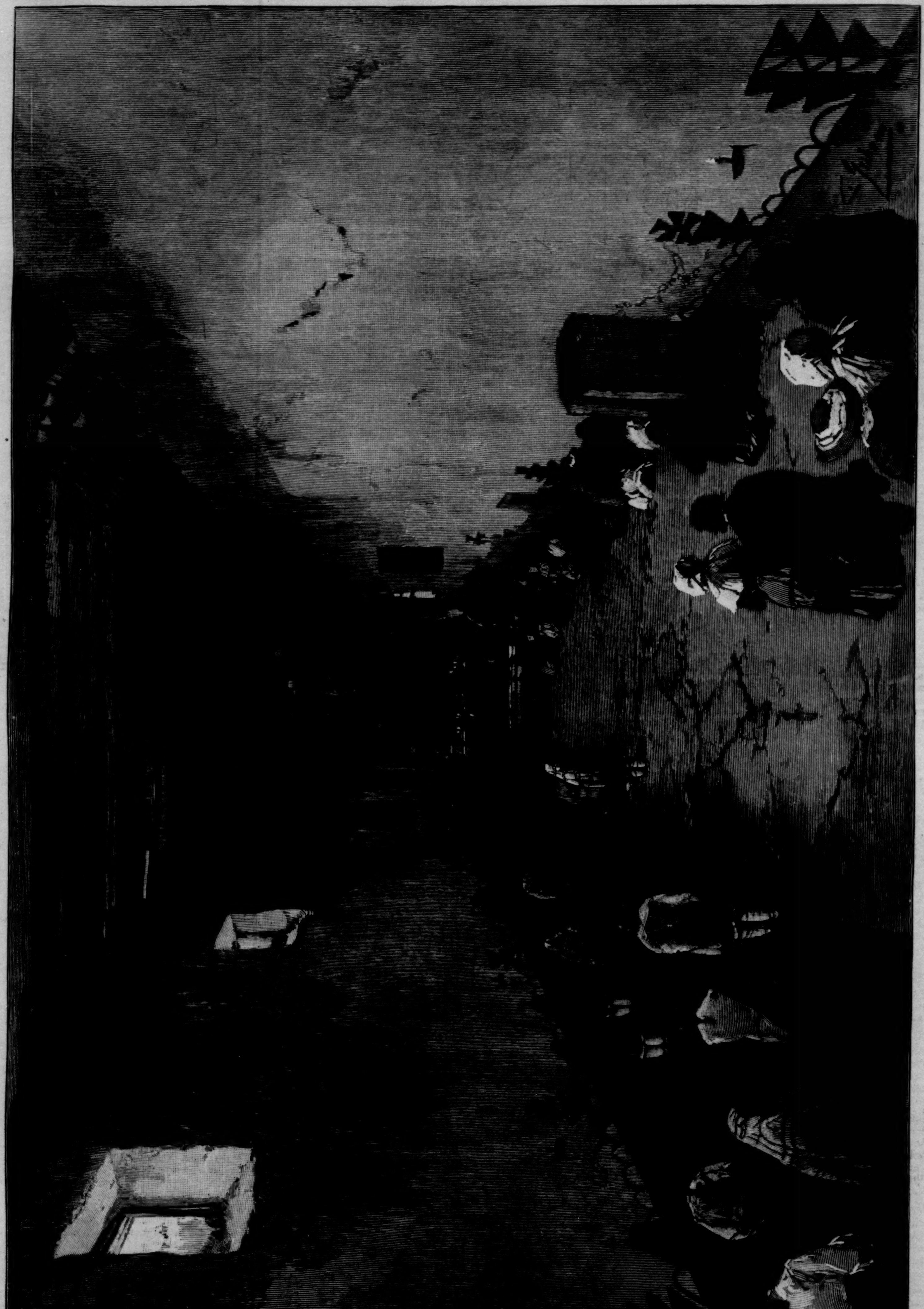
—General GRANT's famous log cabin, which once stood on the banks of the James River, but which was afterward removed to Fairmount Park in Philadelphia for exhibition, is rapidly decaying. From this hut General GRANT issued some of his most important war orders, and here the rebel commissioners treated for peace. Under the same roof also gathered LINCOLN and a number of the great Generals in conference.

—The ex-Empress EUGÉNIE has given the ex-Empress FREDERICK a gold medallion, bearing her coat of arms, richly set with precious stones, and containing a lock of her hair.

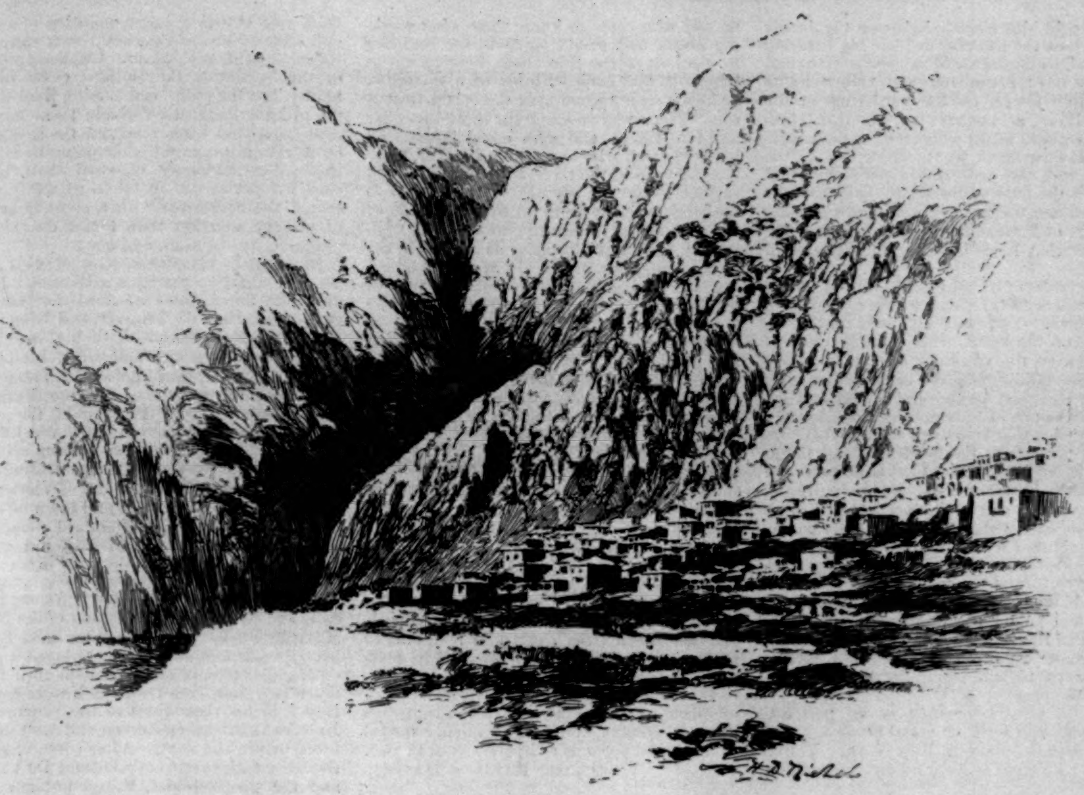
—M. STAMBOULOFF, the Premier and practical ruler of Bulgaria, is about forty-six years old. He is short and rather stout, and with his round face, black mustache, and small gray eyes somewhat resembles the Chinese. He lives in a modest home, whose furnishings are extremely simple, and the only exterior sign of his power is the soldier who stands at the door of his house.

—General F. E. SPINNER, the ex-United States Treasurer who became so well known by the wonderful autograph he affixed to the Treasury-notes issued during his term of office, is at Pablo Beach, Florida. He suffers greatly from a cancer, and when he writes has to keep his eye open with a bit of adhesive plaster.

—The well-known astronomer Dr. CHRISTIAN HENRY FREDERICK PETERS, of Hamilton College, died in harness, for he dropped dead from apoplexy while making observations. He was born in Germany in 1813, and studied at Berlin and in Copenhagen. After being engaged for several years in an exhaustive survey of Mount Etna, he pursued his scientific researches in Italy and Turkey, and then came to the United States. Letters from European scientists readily obtained him work on the United States Coast Survey and at different observatories, until, in 1858, he was chosen Professor of Astronomy at Hamilton. The work of his life was extensive and valuable, one of its accomplishments being the discovery of more asteroids than any other astronomer. He also catalogued over 75,000 zodiacal stars and recorded more than 12,000 solar spots.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT ACOMA, NEW MEXICO, DURING THE HARVEST FEAST.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 594.]



PART OF THE VILLAGE OF CASTRI BUILT ON THE SITE OF DELPHI—THE CASTALIAN SPRINGS AND GORGE ON THE LEFT.

THE EXCAVATION OF DELPHI.

A GREAT deal has been said and written on the proposed excavations of Delphi—the most important religious and artistic centre of the ancient world—by the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. In spite of all that has been said there seem to be current so many misapprehensions concerning the nature of the undertaking and the position which the American School holds to it that I feel called upon to attempt making a clear statement regarding this question.

That the right to excavate Delphi, whatever may be the cost of brain-power or money, must be looked upon as a great privilege is acknowledged not only by all authorities in these matters, but by the educated people of all nationalities. Let us assume that one of the most important astronomical phenomena in the world's history could only be seen and studied at a given time and in one district in a distant country; that all nationalities were vieing with one another to procure for the astronomical institutions of their country the privilege of occupying this one district during that important period, and of thus making themselves the benefactors of mankind, and of widening the sphere of knowledge. Now if the government of that district granted this privilege to a national American institution, I have no doubt that this would be gratifying to our best sense of national emulation, and would call forth the enthusiasm of American astronomers, and of all who take an active interest in this study. And if the country which extended to us this privilege, because it was not in a position at the time to undertake the work itself and to carry it through efficiently, made it a condition that we to whom this privilege is granted should carry out the work in an adequate manner, and that the expense of constructing the watch-tower and of providing and putting up the apparatus for study should be borne by us, I do not think that this could strike anybody as an unreasonable demand, and I do think and trust that the scientific and patriotic enthusiasm of American astronomers would be encouraged and actively supported by the munificence of American citizens, who are certainly not behind any other people in the generous support of great public undertakings.

The case of Delphi is absolutely analogous to the one I have just instanced. If there be any difference, it lies in the fact that we cannot well conceive of a phenomenon which would be absolutely unique, without reoccurrence, and visible only from one spot; whereas there was but one Delphi, the site of which is fixed with certainty, which could only once be restored, and then for all time, to the modern world. The analogy as to the expense of providing and setting up the astronomical apparatus is found in the case of the excavation of Delphi in that the modern village of Castri is built upon the site of the ancient sanctuary. This village contains from three to four hundred houses, the building material of which, it is not unlikely, consists to some degree of ancient stones and monuments; while below these houses, as has already been ascertained by the French explorers and those of other countries, are the foundations and remains of the great temple of Apollo and of many other interesting edifices. The privilege of excavating Delphi cannot be foregone by the Greeks and granted to some other people unless the cost of expropriating the inhabitants is borne by those to whom the privilege is granted. Nor will the Greek government allow that the houses be bought up singly or piecemeal while the excavations are being carried on. This would lead to endless legal complications, and would, I hold, make the work of excavation, the discipline among the workmen, and the safekeeping of what is found, almost impossible. Moreover, the excavation is not to be a pillaging expedition, but is to be one carried on purely in the interest of historical science, as an astronomical expedition is purely scientific in spirit, and is not meant to draw substance or gain from the distant planets that are observed.

When Greece was not a state possessing a full political organization, and the objects of art and archæology were not cared for and not secured on the soil whence they had been unearthed, there was an excuse, nay, a justification, in transplanting them to distant homes, where they were well preserved and widely appreciated. But now that Greece has organized its museums as thoroughly as any other country, now that it is rapidly becoming the local habitation and popular centre for the higher classical studies of all nations, and that day by day it is becoming more accessible to the tourist and traveller in Europe, and will before long become a second Italy to the art amateur, there is no excuse for robbing the classical soil and the modern Greek people of the heirlooms so closely associated with the land and the nation.

The spirit in which this great work should be undertaken must be one of sacrifice of intellectual power and of money for the sake of a great scientific discovery which will benefit the whole world and bring glory to the country that makes this sacrifice. The Greek government is willing to lighten the burden as much as possible. So, for instance, a new site will be granted by the government to the inhabitants of the village of Castri upon which to build the new village. Furthermore, there will be direct immediate privileges granted to the country or institution which undertakes the excavations. The right of publication and of reproduction of all the works discovered will be reserved exclusively for the excavators. Thus, should America excavate Delphi, the casts and other reproductions taken from the originals discovered will be immediately sent to America, and there distributed according to arrangements made. We furthermore have the promise, should this work be undertaken by us, that we shall have the right to make for any of our museums, schools, or universities, casts from any of the originals in any of the museums of Greece. The results of this American work will thus immediately be distributed as an educational factor over the whole of the Union.

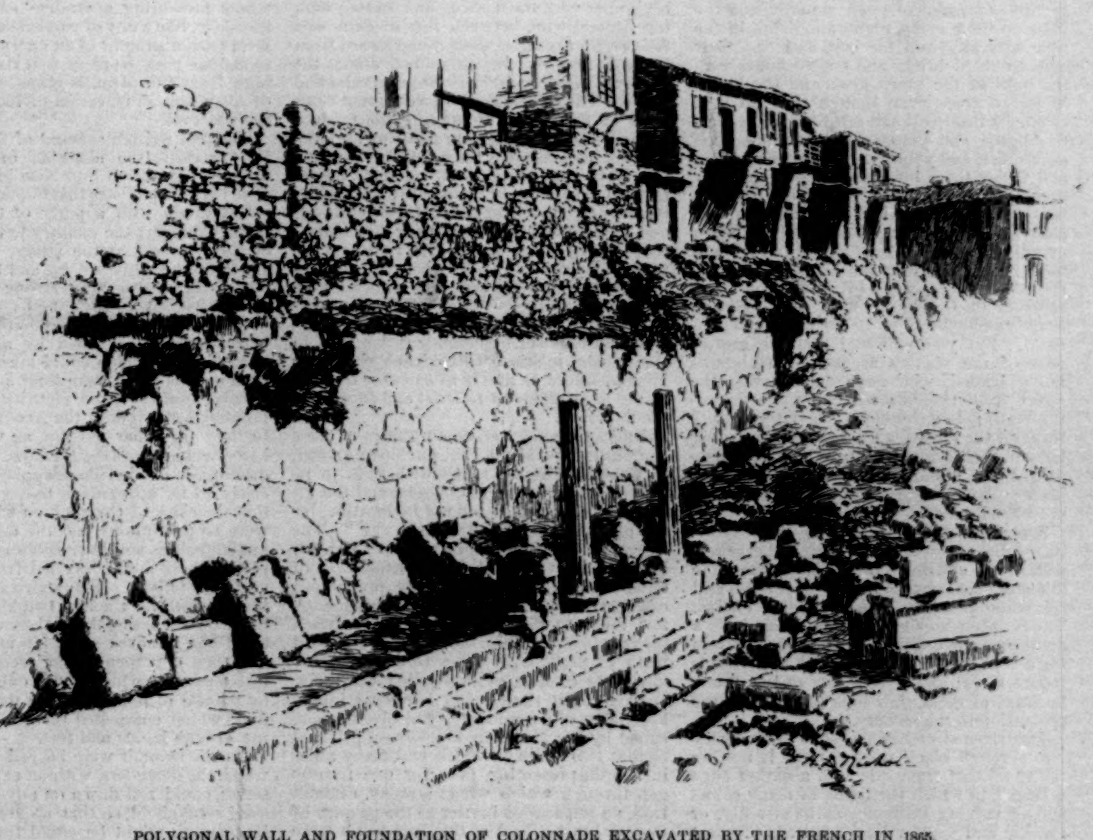
Now the American School at Athens has had the promise from the Greek government that the right to excavate Delphi will be reserved for it until the autumn of the current year. We have the assurance of those who represent the Greek people that of all nationalities and of all archæological institutions, the Americans and the American School of Athens are those whom the Greeks would most gladly see associated with the greatest scientific prize their land can offer.

Not many years ago the German government undertook, at enormous expense, the excavation of the site of Olympia. With the brilliant results of this work your readers are probably familiar; but I venture to say that in years to come the excavations of Olympia, undertaken by an enlightened government, will, as a feat of peaceful national effort, cast as much glory upon that people as the German Empire, in the sphere of war, has gained by its victory over the French, if not more.

That others are justly anxious to undertake this work is but natural. But a short time ago, commenting upon a lecture delivered by the present writer in London, an important organ of the press said, "Should the Americans fail in securing this privilege, it is to be hoped that England will endeavor to accomplish it."

There can be no question of national jealousy in such an undertaking. Whoever does it must reap the disinterested gratitude of all civilized nations. Every one of the great European nationalities has at some time tried its hand at Delphi. Many years ago the Englishman Leake and the German Ottfried Mueller explored it, and the French have gone much further than these did. Before the Germans undertook the complete excavation of Olympia, the French in the beginning of this century had dug there, and had even carried off to Paris some of the sculptured remains from the temple of Zeus. More than twenty years ago they carried on excavations at Delphi with considerable success. Had they continued the work then, the numerous houses now on the site would not have to be bought up. But they did not continue their work for more than twenty years, and it is now more than ten years since Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, to whom so much of the interest in Hellenic culture in this country is due, inquired of the Greek authorities whether the privilege of excavating Delphi would be granted to America. He received an encouraging reply then. Since then the French and the Greeks themselves have been in the field soliciting this privilege; and though the interest of American scholars has never abated, there was a time when the director of the American School at Athens, from a sense of scientific and international courtesy, waived his claim in favor of the French. But when it became clear that the right was not to be granted to the French, and if not granted to the Americans, would go to others, the American School again endeavored to secure the right, having come to a clear and candid understanding with the French authorities as to its future course. The action of the American School has been characterized by impartial judges as fair and generous.

The question now remains, will it be possible for America to seize this opportunity for scientific and national distinction? The cost of expropriation will, according to competent estimates, not be more than $75,000. The Archæological Institute of America has promised an annual amount of $5000 toward the work of excavation. A considerable portion of the money required for expropriation has already been subscribed, principally in Boston, and it is most probable that sooner or later the whole sum will be raised. But meanwhile the term of the promise is coming to an end, and we may thus lose this opportunity. It is my opinion that such a great undertaking is more likely to be carried through by the generous effort of one man of wealth who will allow his name to be associated for all times with so great a work. Of course the first motive on his part will have to be one of high-minded, disinterested enthusiasm for a great cause; but this need not blind us to the fact that there never has been a better opportunity granted for becoming a national benefactor, as well as for gaining the just esteem of cultured people in America and in Europe, than by being associated with this work, the results of which will filter through the literature of art and archæology in all the works that may be written on Hellenic subjects ever after, in whatever lan-



POLYGONAL WALL AND FOUNDATION OF COLONNADE EXCAVATED BY THE FRENCH IN 1865.

guage. As regards the direct generosity to our own people in America, it is hard to conceive of a more gratifying power than to distribute in any museum or school or town in the far West or the North or the South facsimiles taken from the very originals, the great works of the past, brought to light by the American expedition. Surely, if only there be those who can afford such a sacrifice, this opportunity cannot fail to appeal to them if they realize its many bearings.

CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

A SUMMER NIGHT ON THE BATTERY.

THE Battery is a sort of physical protest which the city of New York makes against itself. It is the one place where the New-Yorker can put the city behind him, can turn his back on its close hot streets, its blazing shop fronts, and his tenement or his second floor back. In the other public parks or squares he is begirt and crowded with surrounding walls, or spied down upon by hundreds of lighted windows, and his point of view is disturbed by passing red and green and yellow cars, that chase each other ceaselessly with jangling bells around the four sides of the square. He is oppressed with the thought of the miles of architecture that hem him in on every point of the compass, and that are stretching north as rapidly as though they moved in the night, until no one knows where or when they are going to stop. But at the Battery some beneficent city father, who builded better than he knew, or some landscape-gardener more likely, has placed the rows of benches with their backs to the town, and with nothing between them and the broad, free river but the rows of stone posts and the iron chains that swing between them. And here the Battery says to the city proper, "So far shall you go and no further." And the New-Yorker who visits the place these summer nights can add, "Get ye behind me," to his hot solitary room and to his prospective desk on the morrow.

Many years ago, before the mob knocked the leaden crowns off the iron railing which still encircles Bowling Green, and when the city was not expected to move beyond the City Hall, the Battery was the fashionable promenade. But as the town grew and fashion moved north with it, the Battery was left to the unfashionables, and to-day the Four Hundred know it only as the place where emigrants loiter before they become policemen, or begin cutting each other with poniards in Mulberry Street.

When the Four Hundred want to protest against the city, they have only to leave it; but the longshoreman, and the young clerk, and the girl bachelor, and the family who live in two rooms, into one of which the sun beats all day, go to the Battery. It is their roof garden, their rocks at Bar Harbor, their surf at Narragansett, and their annual transatlantic voyage. They flock there these warm nights as soon as supper is finished, for the Battery's visitors dine in the middle of the day; and if you go there you will leave them behind you when you move homeward at midnight.

A long crescent-shaped row of them, all with their backs to the city and with their faces to the open river. Some of them sit there and read in the wavering light from the electric lamps, and others have friends to talk with, or their wives, or the girls they are thinking would make good wives. Family groups composed of papa, mamma, and the baby go there every night, and drink in the free salty air from the bay, and rest their eyes from the bricks and cobble-stones with the sight of the green grass and the heavily leaved trees, even though they do look strangely theatrical and artificial in the electric light; and young girls who chaperon each other, and young men who follow them and throw them into convulsive giggles by humorous remarks of a gallant-and complimentary nature. It is a very lively promenade indeed, for with all the life and motion of the visitors there is added all the life and noise from the river, the signalling of the steam-whistles, and the hilarious shouts and splashes of the boys in the free bathing-houses anchored close to the stone embankment. But you will find that the greater part of the visitors are alone—emigrants lately landed, who have come across the street from the licensed emigrants' boarding-house; longshoremen pacing carefully through the crowd, with a sleeping or ailing baby in their arms; girls who have been running about a store all day, or girls whose backs ache through standing for ten hours in front of a loom.

Sometimes these are the observed, sometimes the observers who watch the others walking up and down the asphalt promenade that stretches between the row of benches and the stone posts with the swinging chains. The people who sit in the semicircle have a great scene before them, a great drop-curtain for a background to the crowd that crosses before them; and if they tire of the drama in front of them, they look out beyond the procession to the scenery.

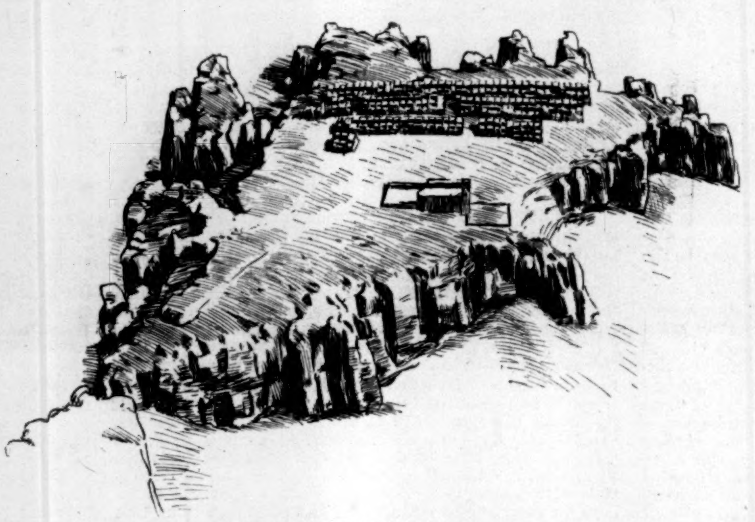
The river stretches across to New Jersey like a rough black mirror, until it reaches the shore that frames it with a darker edge of black, in which the lights of many colors and of varying brilliancy shine steadily, or sparkle and sputter like hundreds of great candles.

The cold blue electric lights on the Jersey shore show the wharves and the big lettering of the signs on the sheds as clearly as though it were day; green, red, and yellow lights shine like jewels on the yard-arms of the ships lying at anchor; square open fireplaces of light stand where a ferry-boat landing makes a break in the dark line of the shore; and, above all, and in the foreground of all, is the pure strong flame that lights the pedestal and the great bronze figure holding it aloft, and welcoming and warning the voyager that he is entering into a land of liberty.

And in front of all this the traffic of the river, which never seems to sleep, moves up and down. You will see ferry-boats, like blocks of blackness, with a single belt of light where the windows are; and clumsy rafts, like floating islands, loaded down with freight cars, and jerked and pulled and apparently sworn at by vigorous, impudent little tug-boats that snort and whistle their impatient protests at the burden behind them, and at being kept up so late at night; schooners and sloops with dark sails flapping in the evening wind; and, if you are lucky, a great ocean steamer, rising high out of the water, and punctured with hundreds of port-holes, and peopled with thousands of voyagers with their eyes turned toward the land. But the drama is the best part of it. The people who come and go on the promenade, the flirtations, and the games played by the children, who chase each other in and out behind your bench, or who swing on the chains between the posts.

But the most interesting of all, perhaps, are those who walk or stand alone. There are so many of them in New York. Young people who seem to have no one to speak to, no one who cares to know them after working hours, and whom you will see standing in rows along the iron chain, looking out at the river, and each with his own thoughts, and each seeing something the others cannot see. There was an emigrant there the other night in sabots, and with metal buttons on his waistcoat, who stood like a statue, looking out beyond the river, as if he could look further to the sea beyond, or further yet to the land he came from on the other side of the sea; and a young girl, well-gloved, well-booted, such a girl bachelor as teaches in the public schools, with an air of gentle breeding, of having known something and of wanting something better than the Battery's crowd, who did not sit on the bench, but on the brink of the stone embankment, leaning her head wearily against one of the stone posts, with her back turned to the passing crowd. A longshoreman, sun-tanned, unshaven, and with his blue blouse open at the throat, dozed, tired out with his day's work, on the other side of it; but she did not seem to know that he was there, or that any one else was near her. She had her face turned to the river, and what she saw there, and what comfort it gave her, no one could tell by looking at her face, except that now and then she raised her handkerchief to her eyes, and then crushed and twisted it in her hands. Those are the sort of people to whom the Battery and the salt air that swings across it and the green trees over it is real, and to whom it is a relief. Its lights and its mysterious shadows gliding up and across the river, and its situation on the very stepping-off place of New York city, make it always new and foreign, and in consequence restful to them, and perhaps of interest even to you.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.



MODEL OF THE PUEBLO OF ACOMA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

THE PUEBLO OF ACOMA.

PERHAPS the most interesting people among the aborigines of the American continent are the Pueblo (town) Indians of New Mexico and Arizona, who have an ethnological affinity, if not a direct kinship, with the succession of different migratory peoples, beginning with the Toltecs and ending with the Aztecs, who, between the seventh and the twelfth centuries, passed southward from the unknown region, Aztlan, to colonize the Valley of Mexico and its environing vales and plains. The substantial and permanent character of the houses composing the pueblos of these tribes, each tiny town being an independent community; the primitive civilization that still prevails among their inhabitants, unchanged in centuries; the adherence of the people to pastoral, horticultural, and agricultural pursuits; their gentleness, hospitality, industry, and thrift; their bravery in defence of home and liberty; their chastity; and the isolation that each existing pueblo has maintained in the midst of surrounding tribes and the settlements of the whites—are all noteworthy characteristics; and in their social relations within each city these Indians afford as nearly as has ever been attained an example of rational and successful communism.

Among the nineteen communities of these Indians in New Mexico, the pueblo of Acoma, in Valencia County, ranks with Zuñi in its attractiveness to the ethnologist and the archæologist, and it is unique in location, being aptly termed "a city in the sky." The surrounding country is of the most rugged, broken, and varied character, consisting of table-lands cut irregularly by precipitous cañons and separated by mountain ranges. A few miles to the west of Acoma, between that pueblo and Zuñi, the lava flood poured forth in prehistoric times from a volcano now long extinct, overspreading the plain, cracked, as it cooled and hardened, into a long heap of enormous jagged black rocks, called by the Mexicans *malpais*—a petrified torrent two miles in width and many miles in length, presenting, save for one narrow gap through which winds a stony, difficult trail, an impassable barrier to the passage of man or beast. East of this lava bed a large cañon with precipitous sides expands into a valley four miles wide and ten miles long, opening to the northeast. From the surface of this extensive basin rise great detached sandstone buttes in various forms of pinnacles—pyramids, pillars, and obelisks—some of which are several hundred feet high, the whole presenting a strange and grotesque spectacle, like a city of wonder-land. On the level barren summit of an enormous isolated sandstone rock, or mesa, that rises steep and high from the plain, is situated the pueblo of Acoma, at an elevation of 7500 feet above the sea-level.

The first written account of this pueblo is by Castañeda, the historian of Coronado's military expedition into New Mexico in the year 1541, who relates that Captain Hernando de Alvarado, with a party of twenty men, while exploring the country to the eastward of Zuñi, arrived at the village of Acoma—called by the natives A-go, and by the Spaniards Acuco—"a very strong place, built upon a rock very high, and on three sides perpendicular. The inhabitants are great brigands, much dreaded by all the provinces." The pueblo could muster two hundred warriors, and from their audacious and martial spirit and the security of their impregnable stronghold, the Acomas were able to defy the other pueblos, as well as their hereditary enemies the Navajos. Castañeda's description of the village applies almost precisely to its appearance to-day. He states that the sides of the rock on which it stood were so precipitous that the ascent of it by human beings was impossible except at one place, where a stairway led from the plain up to the village. This stairway was of sufficient width for the first two hundred steps, but after ascending these, there were encountered one hundred steps far more difficult, and then a perpendicular ascent of twelve feet remained, which could only be climbed by the use of holes made in the face of the rock, which compelled the climber to make use of both hands and feet.

On the summit were heaped huge stones, which the defenders, without exposing themselves, could roll down on any assailants of their stronghold, so that no army, whatever its strength might be, could force a passage within the town. Upon the flat top of the bluff was stored a large quantity of corn, and cisterns sunk in the solid rock supplied the inhabitants with water. On the approach of the Spaniards, the Indians came down boldly into the plain, and tracing lines upon the ground, haughtily forbade them to pass over them; but when they saw the undaunted Alvarado prepare his company to attack them, they suddenly changed their tone, sued for peace, and in token of amity presented the Spaniards with a great quantity of poultry, together with bread, deer-skins, pine nuts, seeds, flour, and corn.

In the year 1598, when New Mexico first was colonized by the Spaniards under Juan de Oñate, the Acomas attacked the Maestro de Campo, Juan de Zaldiver, and fifteen of his men, who were visiting their village, and killed the commander and all of his party except one officer and four men. These five Spaniards, being pressed by the Indians, leaped boldly down the face of the cliff. Strange to say, but one of the five was killed, the remainder reaching the bottom without fatal injury. Two months later, a force of the Spaniards, under command of Vicente de Zaldivar, stormed the rock and town of Acoma, and its inhabitants afterward consented that Franciscan missionaries should make their home among them, the tribe eventually being converted to a nominal Christianity.

In the year 1680 the people of Acoma joined in the successful insurrection of the New-Mexican Pueblo Indians against their Spanish oppressors, and thereafter enjoyed a period of independence and paganism until 1692, when Governor Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan, in his reconquest of the province of New Mexico, reached Acoma, and drew up his force before the rock. After some negotiations the natives surrendered, and De Vargas and the pueblo chief, Mateo, publicly embraced each other, after which a large cross was erected, and the ceremony of absolution and a general baptism took place. Since the beginning of the seventeenth century this pueblo has been, professedly at least, an orthodox Catholic community.

Acoma is situated about eighteen miles in a southeasterly direction from McCarthy Station on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, midway between Albuquerque and Fort Wingate. Its people, like those of Moqui and Zuñi, have retained to a great extent their ancient customs. The walls of light-tinted sandstone, "nearly everywhere vertical or overhanging," of the bluff or "peñol" on which the town stands rise from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet above the plain. Against their bases the sand has blown in great drifts, extending far up into the recesses and fissures of the cliffs. Until within recent years, as in the days of its discovery by Alvarado, only one path gave access to the top. It is a toilsome and dangerous route, winding along the edge of frightful chasms, leading up through fissures, and passing over crags. In places steps have been hewn, and up the face of the naked rock holes have been cut to give a foothold to climbers, and the constant use of these holes by the Indians through centuries has worn them to the exact shape of the toe of a moccasin. Up this steep path an Acoma Indian with a live sheep on his shoulders will run rapidly without helping his ascent in any way by the use of his hands.

The Acomas use this foot-path yet, but they have in recent years made on the opposite side a horse trail, very steep and difficult, which winds up over immense sand drifts and steep rocky ledges to the top of the rock. Up this bridle-path animals that are accustomed to mountain climbing can go in single file. The surface of the top of the mesa, comprising about ten acres, is naturally a rough naked space destitute of vegetation. The town is constructed after the usual style of the pueblos of New Mexico, and consists of from sixty to seventy houses two or three stories high, built of adobe or of rubble-stone, rising terrace-shaped, with flat roofs. There are no windows in the first story, or doors, except in the roof, which is reached by means of ladders. Within the houses are several estufas, or apartments used as council-chambers and for the secret practice of the Acomas' ancient religious rites, including the maintenance of the sacred fire in honor of their ancient gods. The town has about eight hundred inhabitants, and is divided by three parallel streets.

The people, in early days so warlike and arrogant, are now peaceable, and maintain themselves from their flocks and herds and the tillage of their agricultural lands, which lie from fourteen to sixteen miles from the pueblo, on the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, where they have their summer villages of Aconista and Pueblito. Here they raise corn, beans, pumpkins, and melons, and have productive orchards of peaches and apricots. Upon the cliff there are no springs, but there is a large water-tank about one hundred and fifty feet long, twenty feet broad, and five feet deep. This tank is filled with snow in the winter, and during the summer rain-water is collected in it, furnishing the water required by the inhabitants. The Acomas do all their cooking in earthen vessels of their own manufacture. Their pottery is of fine quality and very handsome, being readily distinguishable among the coarser work of some of the other pueblos. Furniture is unknown among them, and the people sleep on sheepskins spread on the floor. Their houses are neat and orderly, some of them being whitewashed without and within. The roofs in the season are covered with drying peaches and apricots, and against the walls hang festoons of bright red peppers and strings of pumpkins and muskmelons, cut into ropes and twisted into bunches, which are dried for winter use. The horses, asses, cattle, sheep, and goats of the pueblo are herded in the great basin below the village, which is an excellent stock range. The soil is of a nature to produce fine crops, but owing to the absence of watercourses it cannot be utilized for agriculture except through the construction of a reservoir system for the retention of the summer rains and floods, a work that may some day be undertaken, and which will probably be attended by successful results.

About a mile from Acoma is La Mesa Encantada (the Enchanted Hill), with perpendicular walls rising four hundred feet high from the plain. There is a weird tradition of this lofty cliff related by Mr. James W. Steele, who states that on this mesa was anciently the home of the people of Acoma. One day in harvest-time the whole population of the town—men, women, and children—with the exception of three ailing women, were in the valley below, working together, according to their custom on such occasions. A cloudburst, as the sudden rain floods of the country are called, occurred up the valley, and a great wave swept down, undermining the sand upon which rested the narrow staircase of notched rock by which alone the top of the mesa could be reached. When the people returned, they found that where the stairs had been, the whole side of the mesa had fallen in a heap in the valley below, leaving the summit absolutely inaccessible. The three women could be seen above, wandering around the edges, waving their arms, and shouting, but no help could reach them. The skeletons of these women lie somewhere on the summit, where still are the walls of the old city; but nobody has ascended the Mesa Encantada since the day of the disastrous flood.

Like the people of all the other New-Mexican Pueblo tribes, the Acomas have their annual festivals, the origin of which is lost in the mystery of the prehistoric ages. The Catholic priests put all the Christian veneering possible over the essential heathenism of the ceremonials, and under their influence these celebrations occur usually on or near some saint's day. Conspicuous among these jubilations is the harvest festival, when, with games and dances, the people rejoice over the ripening of the fruits of the earth. After the performance of secret rites within the estufas, to which ceremonies no one not a member of the tribe is admitted, the maskers, musicians, and others, all decorated in paint, ribbons, and brass ornaments, stream forth into the open space before the village, where, with the peculiar stamping step attending all Indian performances of the kind, are continued the processions and dances, to the music of rude fifes, drums, and gong-beating. In some of their dances the performers are attired in complete suits of buckskin, adorned with fringes, buttons, beads, feathers, and ribbons, completely covering the face and head, surmounted with horns, and having only small slits for sight and breathing.

The Pueblos, a provident folk who believe in intrenching themselves with all the supernatural powers, do not neglect on these occasions to visit the church to pay due obeisance to the Christian God and lesser divinities. The church, a fine old structure of adobe, was rebuilt in 1702, after it had been dismantled in the Indian revolt of 1680. It is a massive edifice one hundred and fifty feet long, forty feet wide, and forty feet high, with walls seven feet thick, standing, fronted by an extensive and ancient burial-ground, on the southern brink of the mesa. The sand for this cemetery was brought up from the foot of the bluff, and placed in a depression at this point—an operation which, according to priestly tradition, occupied forty years. The huge buttresses, one at each front corner of the church, are capped above the roof by rude belfries, in which swing two bells, which Indian tradition asserts to be the gift of the Queen of Spain at some period in the eighteenth century. One of these bells bears the inscription, "San Pedro, A.D. 1710." It is a wonder how these heavy bells, and the great pine beams, forty feet long, and of proportionate thickness, that cross the body of the church, were ever brought to the top of the mesa.

Adjoining the church are the ruins of the old Franciscan mission of San Estevan de Acoma, established, says the eminent archæologist and historian Professor Ad. H. Baudelier, by Fray Juan Ramirez not long after the year 1628, he naming the place after St. Sebastian on account of its rocky sides and the large number of pebbles accumulated on and about it. Fray Ramirez returned to Mexico, and died there in 1664. His successor was Fray Lucas Maldonado, from Tribujona, Mexico, also a Franciscan. In fact, up to the uprising of the Indians of New Mexico under Popé and Catité in 1680, the Franciscan Order controlled all the missions among the Pueblos. On August 10, 1680, twenty-one Franciscan friars were murdered in various parts of New Mexico, and among them Fray Maldonado, of Acoma. After the reconquest of the province, twelve years later, by the Spaniards under Diego de Vargas, there were for several years occasional disturbances and bloodshed. But by the beginning of the eighteenth century the province had become tranquillized, and the Pueblo Indians and the Spaniards had adjusted their requirements so as to get along together without a great amount of friction.

It is a strange and picturesque sight when within the thick walls of the old church, dimly lighted by deep windows like port-holes, in which sheets of mica, or *yeso* (transparent gypsum), serve for glass, the Indians, in the same fashion of dress which their ancestors wore when they built fires to the sun in ancient days—some wrapped in Navajo blankets, with broad black and white stripes, and great red diamond figures in the centre—pass to and from the altar, with its bright but impressive decorations. The church interior is decorated with two valuable pictures, the "Virgin and Child," and the "St. Joseph," which were brought from Spain more than two hundred years ago. The ceiling is rudely frescoed in representation of the sun, moon, and stars, the work, in the beginning of the present century, of an artist priest, whose name is somewhere inscribed beneath the dust that for generations has been settling upon this labor of love and devotion.

The Acomas are a free and independent race, preserving their pure Indian descent and tribal characteristics. They possess and jealously guard an antique, strongly made chest, secured by a giant padlock, in which are various old papers and parchments bestowed upon them by the early Spanish rulers, or bequeathed them by priests, comprising grants of privileges, title-deeds, missals, and other documents, which they regard with much reverence, and preserve with care. Like the Zuñis, and several other of the Pueblo tribes, the Acomas maintain in their principal estufa the sacred fire. A member of a military commission visiting this pueblo twenty years ago relates that as a special honor the party were taken to the estufa. To reach this underground apartment—a chamber about thirty feet long by fifteen feet in width—they descended a smoke-begrimed ladder through a trap-door, which also served as a chimney. Seated around the fire, each with a loom in front of him, on which he was weaving a blanket, were four Indians, whose only garment was the breech-cloth. The Indians told the visitors that these men were relieved at stated times by four others, and that the fire was kept forever burning, waiting for the coming of Montezuma, the demi-god of the golden or heroic age of the Pueblos, who had promised on his departure centuries ago to return to resume his sovereignty and to deliver and exalt his people.

CLARENCE PULLEN.

THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE YACHTING FLEET.

THERE is no event during the yachting season so important as the cruise of the New York Yacht Club, which takes place annually in August. Then may be seen the fastest pleasure-boats in America running from port to port, sometimes with favoring winds, when the beautiful yachts tear through the water at almost steamer speed, and again drifting idly under the summer sun, with but little hope of reaching their destinations before nightfall. Although the day set for the rendezvous of the fleet at New London, Connecticut, is Wednesday generally, long before that time the white sails of the racers dot Long Island Sound east and west, and yachts large and small are scurrying to the beautiful harbor where they will all be together.

Many wait until they are assured of a favoring breeze before they start, and then they head for port with their great clouds of canvas towering aloft, the white foam curling under their bows, and with lee sails awash in many instances. Here can be seen the smart little forty-footer, with her crew away up to windward and everything snugly stowed, trying to keep up with the big two-master, and doing it, too, sometimes. The stately high-sided old-model schooner moves along at a rate of speed thought great a few years ago, but the latest effort of the marine architect passes her like a flash, showing a clean pair of heels to her companion of the cruise. The keel yachts rapidly coming into favor try conclusions with the centre-board skimming-dishes, and little brushes, preliminaries of the two weeks' racing, result. All this, however, is only a forecast of the coming sport.

Wednesday, July 30th, has arrived, and then the boats are coming into New London rapidly. The wind is fresh, and the surface of the water is broken up by white-caps, the spray from them being blown hither and thither by the breeze. The yachts which have come in early are tugging at their anchor chains, and the quietness is now and then disturbed by a boom from the cannon, as some new arrival drops anchor and takes her place with the others. The scene is not like that of a regatta day, when everything calculated to hinder the speed of the boat is taken off, for the racing spars are stowed on shore, and the yachts are well provided with the necessaries for the long cruise. Many of the yachtsmen have their families aboard, and happy is the man who receives an invitation from some friendly yacht owner to join in the two weeks' holiday.

Darting around New London harbor during the day of the rendezvous are the puffing little steam-launches and the noiseless naphtha launches, and the ladies are going a-visiting. Their pretty yachting costumes are protected by the queer-shaped hood, which is pushed from one side to the other, according to the course taken by the launch. A big steam-yacht now comes into port, there is a rattle of anchor chains, a cannon sounds across the water, the booms swing out to port and starboard, and the launch is lowered away. Around the starboard gangway it glides, and there is a rush to get ashore for papers and letters. Oftentimes there is as much anxiety for the mails after a single day's run as if a week's cruise had just ended.

All day long the yachts have been dropping in, and just before six the *Electra*, flag-ship of the greatest fleet of pleasure-boats ever gathered together, appears in the harbor. Slowly and carefully she picks her way among the yachts until she has reached her resting-place for the night. Down drops the anchor, boom goes the gun of the commodore, and immediately there is an answering fusillade from every vessel there. The heavy guns of the larger yachts join with the snap from the thirty-footer to increase the noise.

The sunset gun is fired in due time, and then the red, white, and blue lights appear on the yachts. Here and there some steamer shows a string of electric lights reaching from bowsprit to mast-head and from mast-head to stern. Some of the more spirited youngsters have begun to celebrate, and the whir of the rocket is heard, the brilliant fire-balls from Roman-candles go sputtering into the air, and quantities of Greek-fire show a forest of masts outlined against an inky sky. The captains are meeting on the flag-ship, and the length of the cruise is being decided upon. Midnight sounds, and the yachtsmen are asleep in their bunks, dreaming of the morrow and of favoring breezes which will send them rushing through the water to Newport, where many fellow-sailors are awaiting them.

All is bustle and preparation in the morning. The fleet is going to get away early, and races between some of the yachts have already been arranged. It is scarcely daylight before some of the sailors, anxious to get away, are snugging everything down for the first run, and breakfast is eaten with a rush. The last visits are paid to the shore, and at eight o'clock colors are signalled from the flag-ship. The whip pennant, which has been fluttering all night at the mast head, comes down, and in its place is hoisted the private signal of the owner. Main-sails are got up all through the fleet, and one by one the boats drop down into the open Sound, waiting for the *Electra* to lead the way. Some of the slower boats bear away for Newport earlier than the others, and long before noon New London resumes its wonted quiet and peaceful aspect.

CHARLES P. SAWYER.

SOME NEW HOUSES IN NEW JERSEY.

THE Peddie Memorial Baptist Church in Newark is the most recent and most notable example of ecclesiastical architecture in the metropolis of New Jersey. It is situated on Broad Street, in the very heart of the city, and the pleasing and impressive mass would attract attention anywhere, though it is doubtful whether an uninformed passer-by would guess that it was a building erected for religious worship. The architect, Mr. William Halsey Wood, has not been restrained by the conventional rules of ecclesiastical architecture, and the only suggestion in the exterior of the building of the purpose of the structure is in the pointed towers, one taller than the other, and with clustered spires. The predominating idea of the whole is Romanesque, though the dome is Byzantine, and the short thick columns of the loggia and the loggia itself are early Italian. The arches are Romanesque, as is also the belt of sculpture which enriches the upper story of the two principal fronts. On the apex of the dome is a figure representing an angel with a trumpet. This figure has excited a deal of local criticism. The loggia, through which are the main entrances to the church, opens upon a vestibule sheltered by swing doors of oak; the inner doors of the vestibule and the partition separating it from the auditorium are of heavy plate-glass, through which those arriving have a complete view of the interior before entering.

The general effect of the interior of the building is as novel in a church as the exterior, and it is equally agreeable. Low galleries sweep around the greater part of a circle, and there is no chancel. The predominating tone of color is that of old-gold, with deeper shades of reddish-brown and amber. The wood-work, with the exception of the pews, which are of sycamore, is of North Carolina pine, somewhat darkened by oil. The wood of the inner dome is unplaned, with the intention of assisting the acoustic qualities of the auditorium. The few wall spaces are of marble and stone in warm colors. The pulpit, which is rather low on the floor, is almost directly beneath the great skylight in the eye of the dome. Behind the pulpit is the baptistery, a somewhat narrow structure, the floor of which is higher than the platform of the pulpit. In the rear of this is a decorated screen of cherry wood and hard pine, which rises perpendicularly and cuts off the rear portion of the dome. Behind this screen are the Sunday-school rooms, three stories in height, and with an entrance from the street.

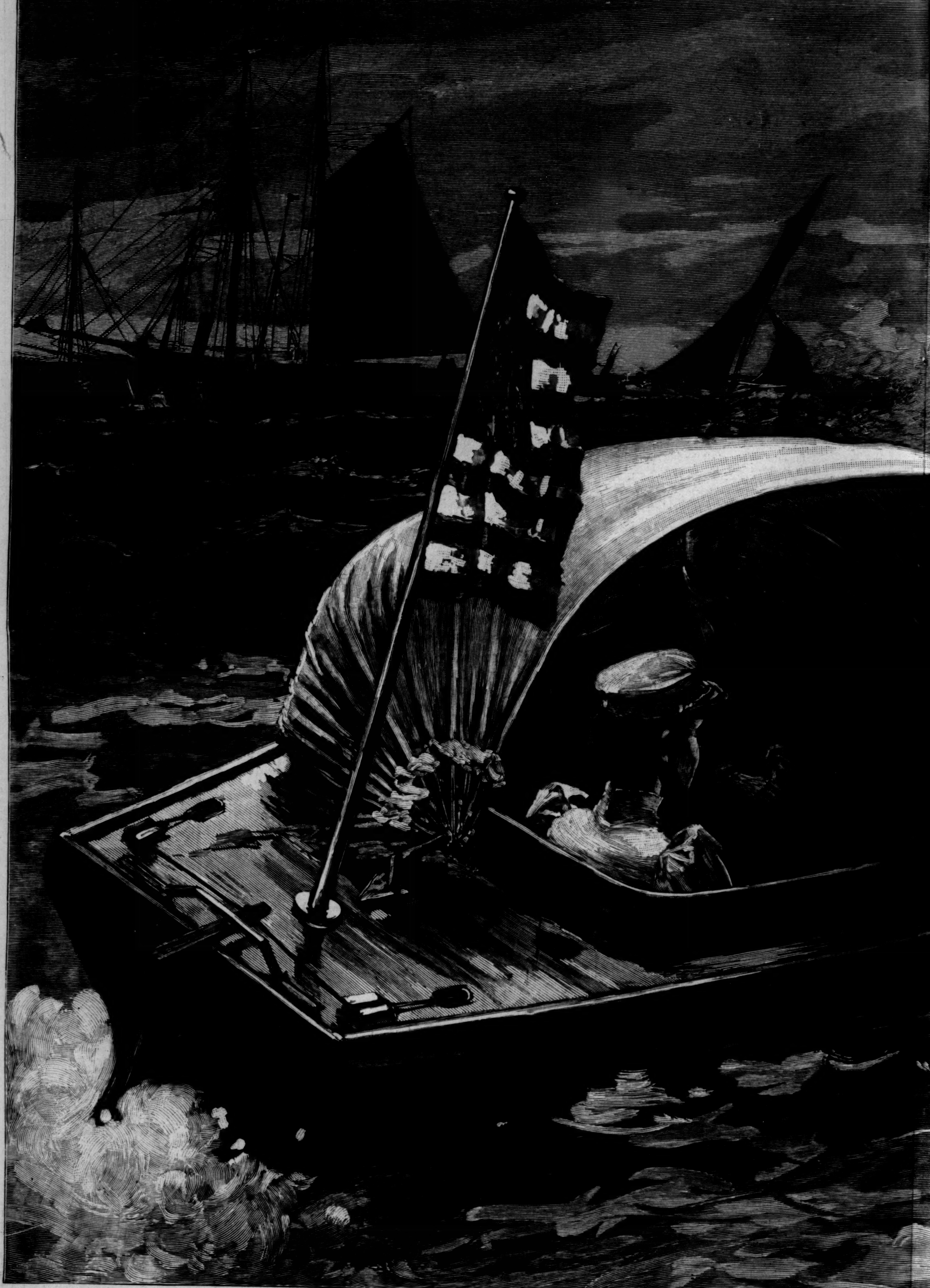
There are six stained-glass windows in the front of the church, four of them being memorials of deceased members of the congregation. Four windows on the north front are occupied with one continuous composition representing the baptism of Christ. A landscape and river scene stretches through the four windows, and the figures of the composition occupy the two central windows. In the semicircular recess in the northwest angle of the church on the second floor are three memorial windows and two tablets fixed into the walls. These are commemorative of the life and services of the late Henry Clay Fish, for many years pastor of the church. This recess opens into the auditorium through a noble arch, and affords a retiring room or place for social greeting for the congregation. An impressive and beautiful effect of the interior is a vast arch that spans the perpendicular screen in the rear of the pulpit platform, springing from either side of the building and reaching into the dome above. This arch is enriched with tracery of a Moresque quality, and bears on its face in illuminated letters the words, "These stones shall be his memorial." Opposite this and spanning the recessed bay of the second or gallery floor, in which are the windows on the front, is another fine arch; this is supported on either side by large delicately carven stones, the work on which is of remarkable beauty. To the left of this arch, as one faces the pulpit, is a small balcony in the wall, the entrance to which is from the pastor's study in the north tower. From here is obtained the best view of the interior of the edifice, the details of the elaborate architecture being fused into harmony, while the mellow lustre from the great yellow skylight above falls down in a flood of softened color. On either side of the church, at the bases of the memorial arch, rise the clustered pipes of the two organs.

This church was the gift of the late Mr. Peddie to the First Baptist congregation, of which he was long time a member. Mr. Peddie came from Scotland to Newark when a young man. He began his career in Newark as a journeyman trunk-maker. Beginning the manufacture of trunks and bags in a small way, his business grew with the years, and he became a very rich man. This church is the memorial he chose for himself.

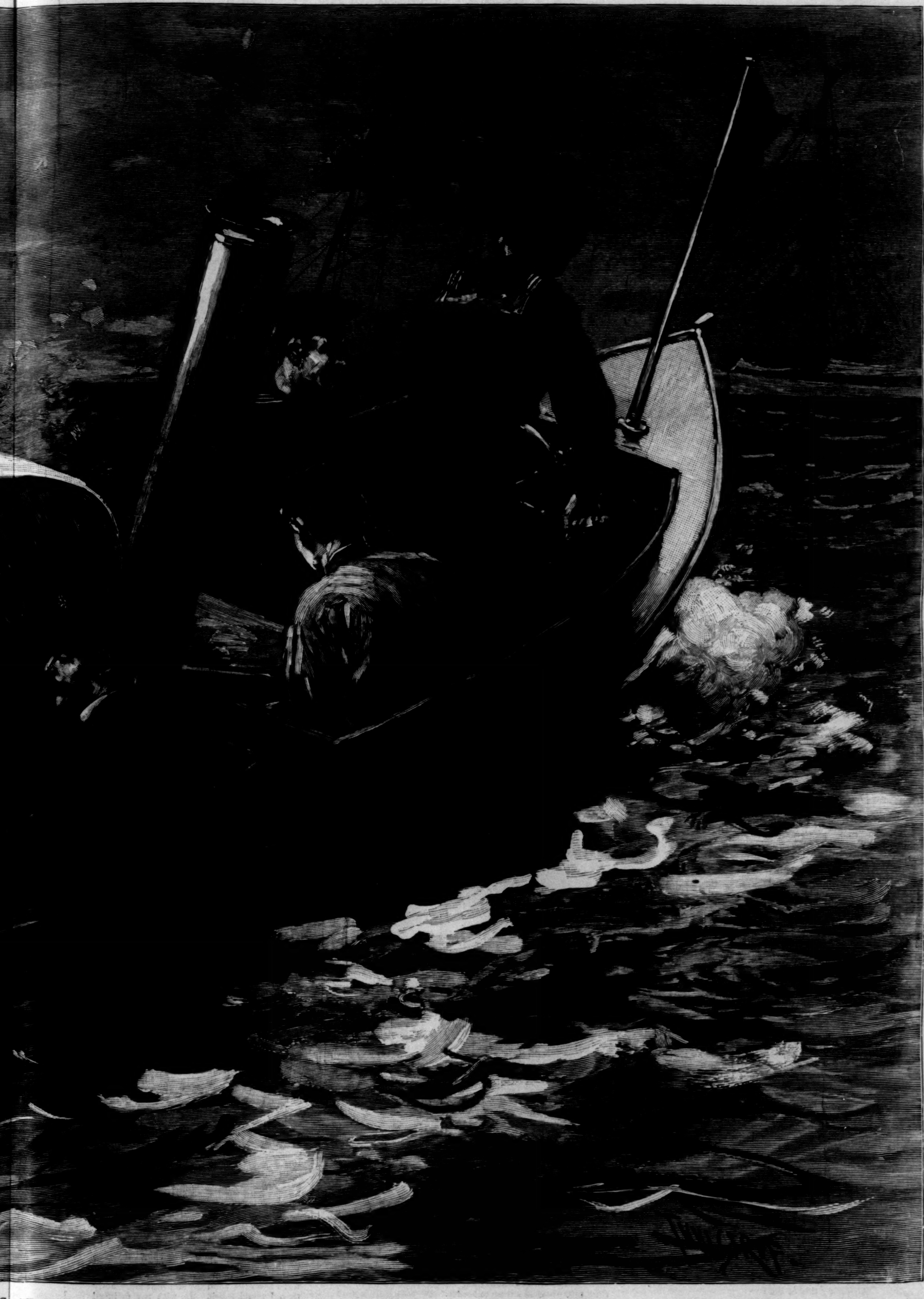
Another example of Mr. Wood's work is to be seen in Mount Prospect Avenue, Newark, in the residence of Mr. William Clark, the thread-maker. The situation of this house is very fine, as from it can be seen much of the city in lower levels and also the valley of the Passaic and the immense manufacturing establishments gathered thereabouts. The materials used in the construction of the exterior walls of Mr. Clark's house are Philadelphia pressed bricks and bluestone. It is a most pleasing mass, and thoroughly graceful in effect. Vigorous vines are rapidly creeping over the walls, so that in another year a picture now made of the house would scarcely represent it. The broad oak stairway from the main hall to the second floor is a beautiful specimen of workmanship, and in harmony with the rest of the interior.

The two interiors at Short Hills are from designs by Messrs. Lamb & Rich, who have contributed so much to that neighborhood of beautiful suburban homes. The hall, showing the fireplace and stairway, is in the house of Mr. Russell, and the sketch Mr. Fenn has made gives so complete an idea of the whole that any description is unnecessary. Its warmth and richness of color is most pleasant, and seems on entering to bespeak a graceful and generous hospitality. The other interior shows a part of a room in the house of Mr. Pitcher. The most notable feature of this room is the allegorical design in plaster over the mantel-piece. There is a gladness and a gayety in this composition which makes it a very appropriate adornment of a drawing-room. The rich rugs which cover the smooth hard floor and the chaste and graceful furnishings make the room at once elegant and restful.

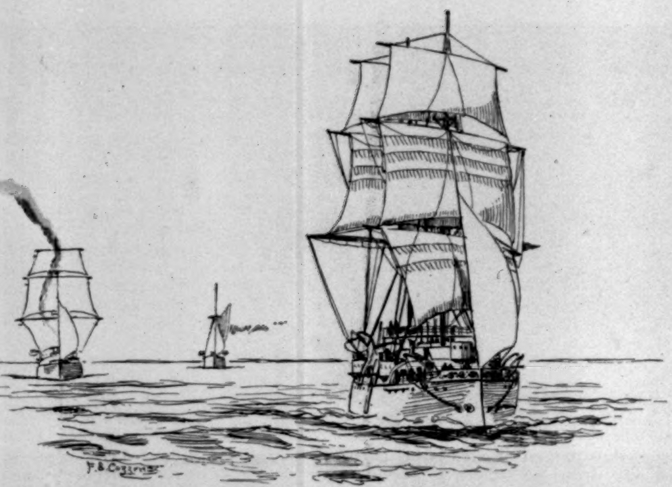
The Montclair Club-house was also designed by Messrs. Lamb & Rich. It is a beautiful meeting-place for the sociable people who live in this charming little suburban city. The club is about three years old, but it only got into its new home last autumn. It is a prosperous organization, with nearly three hundred members. One pleasant feature of this club is that on each Monday, from two o'clock in the afternoon till the club closes at midnight, the ladies of the families of members have all the privileges of the club, including the use of the billiard table and bowling-alleys. There are six bowling-alleys, and on Mondays specially they are liberally patronized. There is also an amusement hall in the club-house capable of comfortably holding five hundred guests. The festivities of the gay Mondays are always ended by a dance in the evenings. The oaken stairway from the hall to the second floor is the most distinctive piece of architectural work in the house, and on festival occasions, which come more frequently than in the staid and solemn and exclusively masculine clubs of the city, this stairway affords an excellent place for effective groupings of ladies and gentlemen, who meet and linger in passing up and down. A recent acquisition of more ground will soon enable the club to add several lawn-tennis courts to its present amusement features. The men of Montclair have been wise in providing for their own comfort in thus making provision for the enjoyment of the women. The consequence of this wisdom is that the Montclair club enjoys much popularity in the homes of its members.



VISITING IN A STEAM-LAUNCH—AMONG THE YACHTS A



S AT NEW LONDON.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 595.]



"Atlanta." "Yorktown." "Boston."

THE SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION UNDER SAIL.

The sudden change in the orders of Admiral Walker, by which his squadron was sent to Brazil for the summer instead of returning to the coast of the United States for the series of manœuvres which have long been in contemplation, was probably not a pleasant surprise for either the Admiral or his officers. But no time was lost in carrying out the new orders. Long lists of necessary stores were telegraphed to London to be sent out by the first steamer; and while waiting for these the ships were hurriedly overhauled, and put as nearly as possible in condition for a long passage through the tropics, and for a stay of unknown length on a station where the facilities for repairs are few and to be had only at great expense. Every ton of coal was taken in that could be carried, and three days after the actual orders were received—preparatory orders had been telegraphed—the squadron crossed from Gibraltar to Tangier, and after a brief stay there, started for Madeira *en route* for Rio de Janeiro. The passage was of course made under steam, but at a speed which gave the most economical result in expenditure of fuel, and sails were set whenever a favorable wind gave promise of a slight increase in that speed.

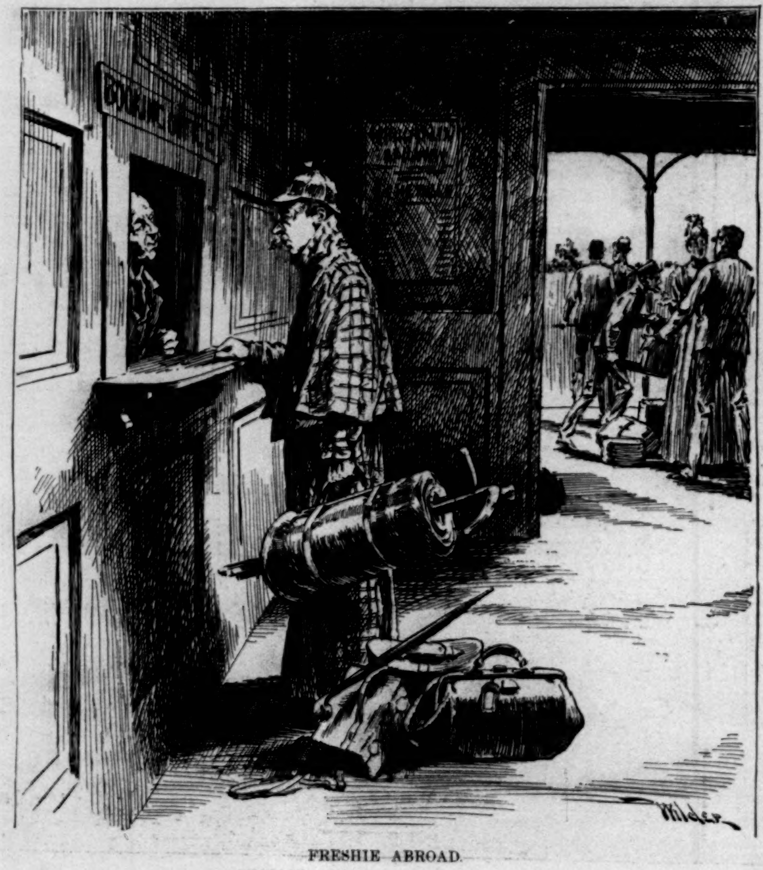
After leaving Madeira, a few degrees of southing brought the squadron into the region of the "northeast trades," which at this season extend far to the northward, following the sun. Sail was made and carried for day after day, adding from half to three-quarters of a knot to the hourly speed. It was a picturesque sight from the deck of the flag-ship to see the other vessels under their clouds of canvas, rolling and pitching with a long easy motion in the swell of the "trade" sea, but holding their positions in the formation perfectly hour after hour—the *Boston* on the port quarter of the flag-ship, the *Atlanta* on the *Boston's* starboard quarter, and the little *Yorktown* toiling on in rear of all, directly in the flag-ship's wake. The accompanying photograph was taken from the bridge of the *Chicago*. The *Boston* is shown on the right and close at hand. The *Atlanta* is to the left and farther distant, and the *Yorktown* in the centre and half a mile astern. This is the usual order of formation where four ships are cruising in company, although there are of course many other formations that might be adopted. The changing from one to another of these formations is one of the most important forms that the exercises of the squadron have assumed.

"THE CHARLESTON."

The United States protected cruiser *Charleston*, of which we present illustrations this week, and which is now in active service as flag-ship of the Pacific Station, flying the flag of Acting Rear-Admiral Brown, was the first of our new steel vessels to be constructed on the Pacific coast, and was built at the Union Iron-works, San Francisco, where the *San Francisco*, the coast-defence vessel *Monterey*, and the new 5500-ton cruiser are also in process of construction. The *Charleston* has a central open superstructure, twin screws, and two masts with military tops, in which machine-guns are mounted. She was built upon the plans of the swift Japanese cruiser *Naniwa Kan*, by Sir William G. Armstrong, with such modifications as were rendered necessary by the conditions of the United States service, and the substitution of 8-inch for 10-inch rifles. The principal dimensions of the *Charleston* are as follows: Length over all, 320 feet; length on load line, 300 feet; breadth, 46 feet; draught of water forward, 17 feet 6 inches; draught of water aft, 19 feet 6 inches; main draught, 18 feet 6 inches; displacement to mean load line, 3730 tons; indicated horse-power, natural draught, 5000; forced draught, 7650; maximum speed in knots per hour, 18.9; complement of men and officers, 325. At a speed of 10 knots an hour the *Charleston* can carry enough coal to enable her to steam 7476 knots, and at full speed she could steam 2012 knots. Her main battery consists of two 8-inch breech-loading rifles, mounted at each end of the superstructure in light barbettes about three feet high. Six 6-inch rifles are mounted on the same deck, three on a side, in projecting sponsons. The secondary battery consists of four 6-pounder, rapid-fire rifles, six Hotchkiss revolving cannon, and four Gatlings. Four above-water torpedo-guns or launching tubes are fitted. Electric lights, search-lights, steam-capstans, steam reversing gear, etc., are all provided, with a hydraulic steering apparatus. The ventilation of the living and storage spaces is by the exhaust system. The horizontal plating of the protective deck is two inches thick; the sloping sides, three inches. This deck extends from stem to stern.

The quarters for officers and crew on this vessel are all on the berth deck. The captain occupies the after-part, having a large cabin, also two state-rooms, bath-rooms, etc., with office and pantry forward of the transverse bulkhead, which separates his quarters from the wardroom. The latter has two state-rooms only, on the starboard side, at the after end, and forward of which is an enclosed dining-room for the wardroom officers. This room is 29½ feet long, with a mean width of 14 feet. Adjoining this at the forward end is the wardroom pantry, next again the steerage wash-room, connecting with an enclosed steerage for the junior officers. On the port side are eleven state-rooms. Forward of the wardroom and steerage, and separated therefrom by a transverse bulkhead, is the warrant-officers' quarters, paymaster's office, ordnance workshop, wardroom, steerage, and warrant-officers' closets; also firemen's wash-room. The berthing space for the accommodation of the crew is quite limited, and the general arrangement of the rooms, particularly the wardroom, is unlike any other vessel in the navy.

The *Charleston* is commanded by Captain Remy, and was last heard from at Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands.



FRESHIE ABROAD.

CHOLLIE. "Give me a ticket to London."
AGENT. "What class?"
CHOLLIE. "Freshman."

A CANOE CRUISE AROUND ST. THOMAS, WEST INDIES.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

I.

The 14th of February, 1889, is marked in my calendar as an important date, for on that morning I paddled out from the harbor of St. Thomas with the general idea of circumnavigating the island in my dainty canoe *Caribee*. I had a few days to spare before the steamer for New York should arrive. The life on shore seemed very dull, and, moreover, I had a devouring desire to see the outside edges of the place, in order to judge how far the island had any value to the United States from the "annex" point of view.

Caribee draws five inches when loaded, is thirty inches wide and fifteen feet long. Her well makes a capital bedroom at night, and she carries all that is needed for a month's cruise. She has two masts that enable her to outsail anything approaching her own size when the wind is aft of the beam; but on the wind her slight draught, in spite of folding centre-board and drop rudder, forces her to make a discouraging amount of leeway. Before visiting St. Thomas she had already sailed completely around Antigua, and shown that she had great virtues in even the big waves of the Atlantic.

St. Thomas is about 1500 miles south from New York, and owes its importance, such as it has, almost exclusively to the possession of an excellent harbor, situated most favorably between the chief ports of the North Atlantic and the rest of the West Indies. Since 1815 the Danes have had uninterrupted control, while from 1657 to that time it had been held successively by Dutch, English, and Prussians, as well as Danes—a change of ownership that has, however, done but little harm, since it never produced religious war, nor interrupted the development of trade with the other islands.

The island is not much larger than many a California farm—a trifle over 20,000 acres only—is about fifteen miles long, but only a mile or so wide, and looks from a distance like a succession of peaked rocks rising immediately from the water. In spite of the nature of the ground the soil is very fertile, and was once cultivated far up the mountain-sides; but to-day there is little trace of cultivation anywhere, although over 14,000 people live here, of whom 3390 are white, pretty much all of whom inhabit the one town of the island.

With this short geographical preamble, let me now hurry on to tell what happened to *Caribee*. My preparations for the trip were few, and may be summed up thus: I picked up at the water's edge a black boatman, who went by the name of Uncle Ned, to whom I intrusted $1 50, with the injunction that he buy provisions enough for two days. At the same time I told him that he must go along in his boat, in order to fish me out in case of an accident, and to prevent my being blown off land in case the wind should act unreasonably upon *Caribee*. He was also to beg, borrow, or steal a charcoal stove on which to cook, and to act as local pilot in hunting up camping-ground. For all this multifarious responsibility he was to receive $2 a day, a sum which appears respectable only when reflecting that 25 cents is a normal day's wages in these islands.

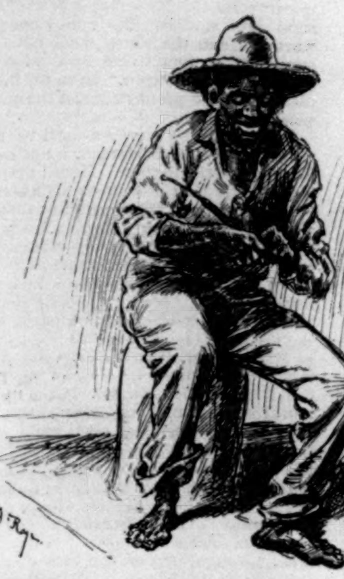
On the morning following these arrangements I came down stairs to find Uncle Ned standing beside a large wash basket filled with loaves of bread, bananas, bottles of milk, sweet-potatoes, a bag of rice, charcoal and open stove, a demijohn of water, and other comforts, to which I added a supply of delicious sweets made of cocoa-nut and muscovado sugar. Uncle Ned, like most of his tribe, is gregarious, and had therefore brought a friend with him, ostensibly to assist in managing the boat, but really to be near him at night and help to fight spooks.

For my part, I had my chart, field-glasses, compass, watch, jack-knife, and a large travelling rug in which to roll up at night in the bottom of the canoe. I did not learn until my return that the town of St. Thomas had been wrought up to something like speculative activity by the news that I had started for the circumnavigation of their rocky island. A friend told me that the sum of their views on the matter was expressed by a black boatman at the landing, who remarked that "Nobody but a —— Yankee would get into such a —— little boat."

The wind came in fitful gusts from the east as I hugged the lee of the harbor on my way to the light on Möhlenfels Point, and I found myself forced to keep on paddling to eastward after getting into the open sea—a sea that was well covered with white-caps, and in which my paddles did poor work, owing to the strength of the wind. I took every possible advantage of the coast-line for the sake of dodging behind a sheltering edge of rock, and managed thereby to get an occasional rest from paddling without at the same time losing ground. The wind, much to my disgust, became gustier and stronger, persisted in coming straight from the point to which I was aiming, and it was evident that at the rate at which I was working my strength would give out before I could reach the eastern end of the island. But I determined to get around the point of land separating Frenchman's Bay from Little Cocultis Bay before calling a halt, as at that point my chart promised me a sheltered beach on to which I could run my canoe. I looked for some rough gusts of wind on my way around this promontory, and braced myself for the purpose of holding her head up into them, for St. Thomas is a long jagged wall of peaks, behind which the wind prepares itself for pouncing down upon sailors below, and when it does pounce, it is with a violence the greater because of the time in which it has been getting ready for its descent.

When I reached the coral reef that runs out from the point I wished to double, its whole length far out to sea was white with breakers, and I had to choose between going through these or paddling a long way around. She had already taken two or three breakers on a coral reef off Antigua, but that was in a light wind. To-day she had a hard wind against her, and breakers much bigger besides, so that double work would fall to both paddle and decks. Gathering my strength by working slowly, I made for a point in the reef where the surf seemed least angry, and when within a boat's length put her at it with what strength I had, throwing myself at the same time as far astern as possible, in order to let her bow rise to the obstacle. The white hedge grew higher and higher as my boat came to the point for leaping, and I almost held my breath with the excitement of anticipation; but she did not disappoint me. Her smooth deck for a moment bore a heavy weight of water that rolled aft over the fore-hatch, and threatened to fill the well; but this too she shook from her, and when free seemed to dance with pleasure in anticipation of meeting and overcoming another. Of the many good days I have had in the hunting field, putting a willing horse to hedges and ditches while the hounds were running, it would be hard to pick out of even such stirring sport moments of keener pleasure than those furnished by *Caribee* when she rose to her first breaker and cleared it triumphantly. The second soon came, and the third, and so many that I began to feel a little anxious, for I had not anticipated more than two or three, not being able to see over the first line from my seat in the boat. Each curler in turn was taken, however, fairly and neatly, her bow rising high in the air, and finally dropping on the other side with a blow that shook her dainty frame from stem to stern. Again and again was she put to her jumps, each time in the hope that it would be the last, but each time finding another effort ahead. At last I began to think that I must have struck a succession of reefs, and might be caught foul in this lace-work; in fact I began to speculate upon my chances of getting ashore in case further progress became impossible. Fortunately, however, before it became necessary to put my speculations into practice, the water deepened, the surf ended, and I had ahead of me nothing but the hard wind, the rolling waves, and the occasional sputtering white-caps. Slowly and wearily I worked along the rocky promontory, where the waves beat high up the side of the cliff, and at last, to my great relief, worked into a small cove, at the lee end of which I managed to land and haul my boat up on a beach of hard sand.

It is now high noon, and when I was sheltered from the wind the sun beat more hotly than I could relish. So, with my mainsail and paddles, I managed to rig something of



UNCLE NED.

an awning, under which I crept with a piece of bread and two bananas, for the purpose of refreshing myself before doing any more. Needless to say I was in a mood for rest, for such paddling as I had done had called for all the muscular exertion I was then capable of.

II.

When I left St. Thomas Harbor, it was with the understanding that Uncle Ned should wait until he could learn at what hour the steamer for New York would reach there, in order that I might have some means of determining how much time I could spare for my projected excursion. He had instructions to follow me in his boat not later than ten o'clock; but at noon he had not turned up, and I began to think that he had either changed his mind about the cruise or perhaps had an accident. In any event, I concluded to wait in my sheltered cove until there should be a lull in the wind, and then, if I did not hear from him, to go on alone, in the mean time, however, sweeping the horizon with my glasses for his sail.

Uncle Ned did turn up at last. He was too good a sailor to have an accident, and too conscientious to back out. But he brought no news of the steamer. She had not yet reached Barbadoes on her way from Rio, and no one of course knew more than that she would not reach St. Thomas within the next thirty-six hours. But our consul, Mr. Turner, had promised to have a messenger despatched over the mountains to meet me at a cove called Tutu Bay at five o'clock with the latest news; and to Tutu Bay therefore we had to go without delay if we wished to reach there before dark.

To paddle there was impossible; to beat against the east wind equally out of the question; so I jumped aboard *Caribee*, gave the painter to Uncle Ned, and told him to tow me to the eastern end of the island as fast as he could, at which point I expected a fair wind and quick time to the rendezvous.

Uncle Ned shook his black head ominously, and said, "Dey is mighty big waves a-gettin' up outside, sah;" but seeing that his words had not the desired effect, went to work, and was soon making a long tack out to sea, with *Caribee* bouncing in and out of the swell, steering beautifully. He had evidently feared that I should have hard work, for when he saw the ease with which we rose to the waves and cut their crests, he grinned from ear to ear with delight, and said, "Foh de Lawd, sah, I neber spected to see no little boat take de sea like dis one." Now and then some of the crests curled over her side and sputtered into the cockpit; but, on the whole, her conduct was admirable, and she rode the great waves as dryly as any ten-tonner would have done. In going about, some care had to be exercised not only not to take water aboard, but also not to get foul of the leading boat; and these successive tacks added another to the many tests the canoe had already undergone.

On and off we tacked; out to Buck Island—a ragged, deserted rock south of us—and in to the equally inhospitable shores of the main island. I looked in vain for evidences of cultivation or human activity, even some trace of animal life. The mountain-side rose sheer from the Caribbean, as desolate a picture of rock and forest as any hermit could desire. The eastern end of St. Thomas scarcely furnishes elevations greater than 1000 feet; but so close to the sea are these precipitous masses of volcanic rock that from my seat in the canoe they seemed very lofty. Not a village or hamlet could I spy clustered in the shelter of these rocky promontories; not even a fishing-smack relieved the solitude that brooded over the place. Some weird pelicans watched us as we skirted the southern edge of the great mangrove lagoon, and for a moment ceased their voracious hunt after fishes. One little boat from Tartola shot past us, hastening to the port we had left early in the morning, a fleeting bit of human life that made the rocks more lonely than ever when it had passed beyond the next point.

Shortly after passing the mangrove lagoon we slip into smoother water behind a group of islands making up the east end of St. Thomas, and soon look across the sound separating it from the next Danish island, called St. John, whose Governor has a residence in full view, close to the water. At one time there was here no doubt a little pink fort similar to that at St. Thomas and Santa Cruz, and a little squad of flaxen-haired soldiers as well, but the island is to-day of very little importance, and cannot support the military display of the other two. The wind now favored me. I set my sails, and in a trice had passed Uncle Ned, scudding westward between Thatch Cay Island and the north shore, in search of Tutu Bay.

The appearance of St. John and Tartola, rising from the ocean in volcanic peaks, is impressive, particularly so at the evening hour, when the sunlight is striking prominent points, and making high reliefs in the sombre picture. A string of small rocky islands lay to windward of me as I headed to the northwest, and raised in me the false hope that the sea would be no more boisterous than then, and that I should be able to scud around the island as pleasantly as though behind some sand dune. But as soon as I had passed the western end of Thatch Cay I began to feel that the great storm to northward, of which incoming ships had spoken, was giving us its after-effects in the shape of a ground-swell magnificent to look at, but dangerous to deal with on a lee shore. Tutu Bay is but a roadstead opening out to the Atlantic, getting the full benefit of the north and northeast swell constantly rolling into its rocky cavity. The foam rose high about its sides, and I immediately saw the absurdity of attempting a landing there, for the rollers were breaking with great violence, and a man who got ashore by swimming might consider himself in luck. However, I went as near shore as I dared to reconnoitre, in case a messenger had arrived with news, thinking I might possibly make him understand that he must follow us to the nearest safe harbor, the Great North Side Bay. But there was no sign of life in Tutu, not even a negro cabin, and after satisfying myself on this point, I started to put about and join Uncle Ned, who had by this time caught up with me. And I was none too soon, for the treacherous wind was blowing me straight into the cove and on to the breakers. My sails could not help me in this pocket, and I was close on to the outside breaker before I could get my paddles out, join them, and work her head up to the wind. When I did accomplish this, my stern was so close to the surf that another minute would have sent me tumbling ashore head over heels.

It was now nearly dark, so I called out to Uncle Ned, as I sailed past him, to make for the Great North Side Bay, and prospect for the best camping-place for the night. A long stretch it proved, along a bleak wall of jagged rock, made dangerously clear to us by the continuous line of surf rushing up its walls to the height of a ship's mast. We had on this run nothing but the Atlantic between us and Europe, and rollers to ride so great that I could not see the sails of Uncle Ned excepting when on the crest of the wave, and even the surf on shore was out of sight when *Caribee* was between two waves. Fortunately for us, the moon rose as the sun went down, and lighted us around Picara Point, the great natural pier-head that protects this bay from the northeast swell. On this night, however, the protection was scant, for the waves broke clean over the promontory and into the waters beyond. So heavy was the swell that even at the innermost point of the bay, whose sheltering wall runs for nearly two miles at right angles to the wind, the surf was so high that Uncle Ned concluded to anchor rather than risk beaching his boat. This bay is the only one on the north side of St. Thomas in which large vessels can anchor with safety. It can accommodate a fleet of any size, for it is nearly two miles long, and about a mile wide, almost a parallelogram, opening to the Atlantic toward the northwest. This opening would need to be partly closed by an artificial breakwater to make it free from swells such as we experienced; and ships then would be able to come close up to shore to coal or take on cargo, vessels drawing even so much as thirty-six feet of water. At the bottom of this bay is a straight beach of hard sand nearly a mile long, a capital spot for landing troops from a man-of-war; a spot well appreciated by the German navy, for her blue-jackets have practised landing tactics here. The present port of St. Thomas, containing the little pink fort, with its Danish garrison, lies just over a mile due south from the southernmost point of the North Side Bay, separated from view by a mountain ridge about one thousand feet high. No works protect the town on the north side; nor would there be anything to prevent a hostile fleet sailing into this north bay, attacking the town by assault from the north, or, for that matter, shelling it from the anchorage. Not a vessel of any shape or size was in this bay when the *Caribee* sailed in, nor was there about its shores any trace of life beyond the few grotesque pelicans seeking their fishy supper. And yet its situation is healthier than that of the present port, and the approach from the Atlantic safer and more convenient for American ships. A mile to windward of its mouth is an island, called Hans Sollick, stretching north and south for a mile and a half; while following in the line of the southwestern side of the bay are two islands, each about half a mile long, the one 430 feet, the other 260 feet in height. All of these islands unite in protecting the North Side Bay, and the outer ones would prove most valuable for a lookout and light-house, there being at present not a single light on the whole north side of St. Thomas.

If the United States wants a coaling station all to itself, this is the place to secure it, and considering the fact that this bay is as deserted as though situated in the antarctic, the cost of leasing it from Denmark should be small in comparison to buying the whole island. That a navy requires coaling stations in order to allow it to operate when war breaks out is clear; and it is equally clear that we as a nation do not need the responsibility of more territory to govern. To annex St. Thomas means to add to our black population one more complication in our already much-tangled system. Why not arrange for merely the few acres of ground necessary to our navy, and limit our colonial expenses to the strict necessity of the case—to wit, the protection of coal for American ships in the event of war. Our presence on St. Thomas could not be distasteful to Denmark, for the disbursements of our government would flow largely into the pockets of her subjects; and the presence of our flag in these waters might have the effect of emphasizing the validity of the Monroe doctrine in case a European war should lead to an attempt to reapportion the West Indies in favor of the conqueror.

Germany has of late exhibited extraordinary zeal in making her blue-jackets familiar with the complicated tactics associated with landing troops from a man-of-war; and these tactics she has practised with characteristic energy not merely in this bay, but at many other points in the Antilles where practice of this kind furnishes valuable military information. Her officers, as a matter of course, receive permission from the local authorities to land the ship's company for the sake of target practice, reviews, etc., all of which is gracefully returned by the music of the German band being heard in the public square, and perhaps a ball on board the flag-ship. This interchange of courtesies is pleasant to look at when kept within proper limits, but carries with it considerable risk when one party is making strategic studies at the other's expense.

Rightly or wrongly there is amongst the merchants of the West Indies a suspicion that Germany's naval activity in these parts savors of restlessness, and that her drilling landing parties at points of military value should be discouraged. The German naval ensign does not often, if ever, appear about the French islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique, but makes itself very much at home in those of easy-going John Bull and in the helpless Danish ones.

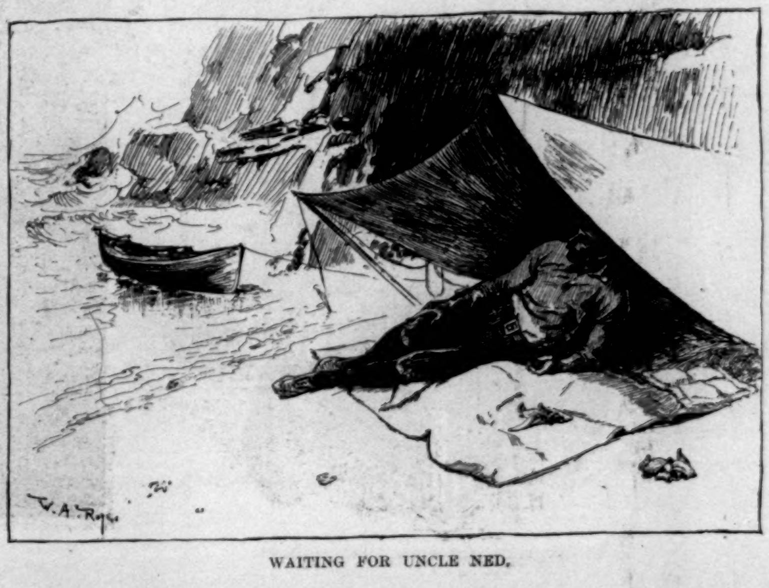
III.

It was eight o'clock before we reached the beach at the southeastern end of the bay, and hauled *Caribee* up under the fringe of forest that stretched its foliage almost into the salt spray. My canoe tent was quickly stretched between the masts, and the sides made fast to protect my sleep from gnats and mosquitoes, whose presence made itself felt as soon as we got beyond the reach of the wind. Wet with salt-water, and tired by the long day's paddling and sailing, I threw myself full length on the sand, and munched dry bread and bananas until hunger was appeased, not waiting for anything to be cooked. After this I curled up in my travelling rug, and slept as well as is possible for one who exchanges the soft bed of civilization for the wooden floor of a canoe.

At six next morning, with the first light of day, I took my swim, cleared up the canoe, made a meal of boiled rice, bread, and banana, and was soon leading the way to the northwest out of the Great North Side Bay, in the hope of beating into my starting port before dark. No message had yet reached me as to when my steamer for New York would arrive, and I had no hope of hearing of her at any other point, owing to the storm which had sent such heavy seas along this north shore. It was as far to port one way as the other, and the sooner begun the sooner would our work be over. Away, then, we scudded to westward, *Caribee* soon leaving Uncle Ned behind. The first two miles out of the bay gave us pleasant sailing, and a warm sun that came in conveniently to dry the shirt I was wearing, but once abreast of the rocky point forming the northwestern edge, I found the swell breaking in great fury, and running back on me in a manner to make steering difficult. The wind commenced to be capricious, and squalls gathered about the peaks behind me. However, I weathered the first point, hoping that nothing worse would be in the way. Between the wind and rain squalls that caught me from the rear I was soon up to the narrow channel leading between Inner Brass Island and St. Thomas, on either side of which are reefs stretching out from shore, and catching the great rollers so sharply that these break into great banks of surf, whose troubles do not confine themselves to the shallow banks, but reach out to mid-channel, and pick quarrels with the steerage-way of small boats like ours. And the wind that commenced in its normal fashion to blow from the northeast, now took it into its head to haul around due east, and to come down through the gaps in the mountains rather than from the honest open of the ocean; and it did come down at times with such violence that between the cross seas and the mountain gusts, I feared I should turn a somersault over the stem if I did not let my sheet out. But my mainsail is laced to the mast—an experiment into which I was lured by an enthusiastic cruiser—and now I lack the means of shortening sail. Here am I, therefore, along a perpendicular wall of volcanic rock, with the rollers breaking under my lee, the waves knocking me about, so that in paddling alone I should have been kept pretty busy, the wind blowing in a succession of angry squalls, and I forced to carry the same mainsail that would spin me ahead in light weather, while Uncle Ned's heavy boat is lumbering along with double reef in her mainsail. However, the chances are about even between getting her head into the wind and taking in sail, by throwing the spar from the pin at the head of the mainmast, or running along in this shape to the western end of the island; and as time is precious, I concluded to stick close, and hope for the best.

Away then we scudded, clearing Oluck's Point successfully, and heading now nearly south-southwest across Santa Maria Bay—a curve in the rocky shore not unlike Tutu Bay, but more dangerous at this time, owing to the high mountains about it, and the turbulence of the waters around its western point. I had reached this end of it, and was almost congratulating myself that now the worst was over, when, whiz! came a puff down the gullies of West Mountain, and *Caribee* leaned over under it so far that I had to jump out on to the weather deck to save her; as I did so, slacking my sheet until the boom ran out like a bowsprit, after which to haul in on my sheet was out of the question. There was nothing to do but to sit well aft, like a cat, ready to spring one side or the other; steering as well as might be in the ragged sea, and watching the mainsail thrashing out ahead, while the boat rushed frantically through the water, under what might be called bare poles.

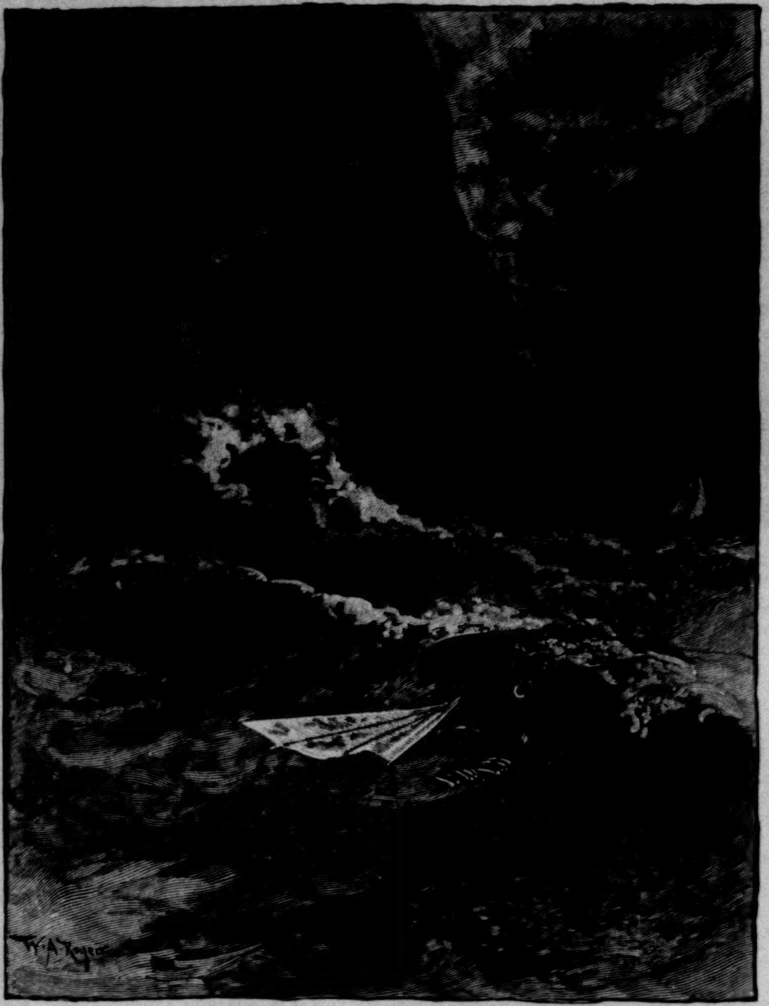
How long this could have lasted I cannot tell, for the jaw of the boom suddenly flew off from the mast, owing to the uncoupling of



WAITING FOR UNCLE NED.

the little chain which usually kept her fast; the sail thus released flew off like a crazy pennant from the mast-head, and shook up there as savagely as though possessed of the devil of destruction. The end was now pretty close, I thought, but still I paddled to get her head into the wind so as to bring the ends of the sail aft, and give me a chance to throw the spar to which it is laced from the mast. There was a chance of succeeding, but this one chance was robbed me; the sail came down with a slap on the bow; one edge of it got under the stem; a squall took this occasion to give it a cuff; and over she went, with a celerity that could have drawn my admiration if exhibited under other circumstances.

As soon as I could right her I flung my body across the after-deck, seized my paddle, and let it trail behind me, so as to make that the first mouthful for any buccaneering shark, and then looked for my calabash, in order to commence bailing out. But the calabash had gone to the bottom, and I had but my hands with which to attempt the task. The waves were strewn with relics of the voyage—my bread, compass, marine glasses, hat, shoes, stockings, coat, blanket, sails, charts, books, and gear of all kinds. To bail her out was clearly impossible with the facilities at command, for I should be pitched up on to the rocks long before I could get her into working shape. My only thought, therefore, was how to dispose my going ashore in the manner least prejudicial to flesh and bones. This novel subject of speculation might have been drastically solved had not the sail of Uncle Ned's boat bobbed up over the rollers most opportunely, the eyes of her skipper shining like anchor lights, whether with alarm at his own situation or pleasure at relieving mine it would be hard to say. At any rate, he obeyed orders promptly—lowered his sails, seized his oars, pulled up into the wind, made my painter fast to his boat, and proceeded to pick up what was within reach, while I seized his calabash and hurried the bailing out of *Caribee*. My first impulse was to jump in again as soon as the water was out of her hold, and paddle on, but Uncle Ned said we would never reach port that night if we did not sail our best; and, moreover, we had got to the bottom of our food supply, since half of it had gone into the water. So the much-battered *Caribee* was forced to follow in tow, and we scudded along in the big boat, dodging the heaviest seas by letting the jib-sheet go in time, and weathering the squalls by keeping the main-sheet always handy. I had been wet all yesterday, and to-day still more so, not merely with the salt-water, but also the constant rain squalls. No sun came out to warm us, and the sharp wind cut through our shirts, so that Uncle Ned shivered and chattered with the cold. Even my Northern blood began to protest against the perpetual wind and wet.

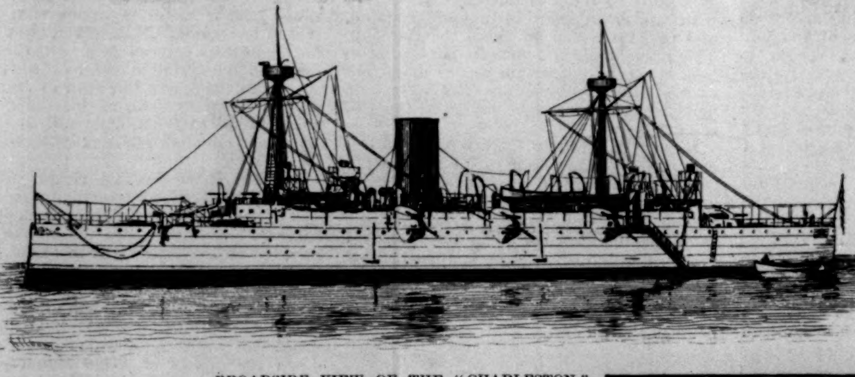


THE WRECK OF THE "CARIBEE."—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

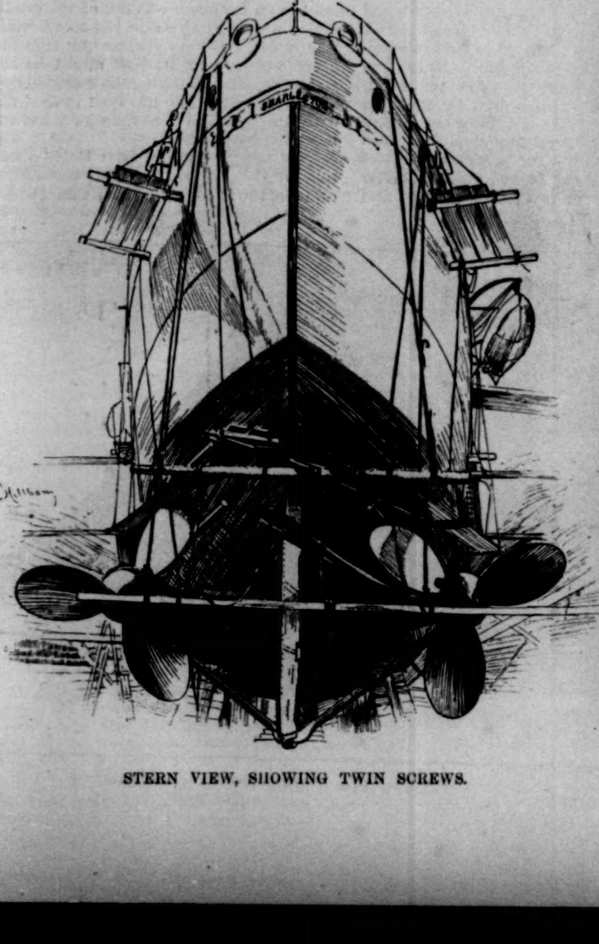
And so the day wore on until we reached Gregory Channel, leading in a northeasterly direction to the harbor. Here I determined to let Uncle Ned beat up at his leisure, and, for my part, get some exercise that would start the blood once more; and it was well for me that the opportunity offered, for the result of remaining in wet clothes is supposed to be rather dangerous to health in these islands.

This Gregory Channel is a harbor adjoining the main one, and joined to it by another as wide as the length of a canoe and not much deeper than the dip of my paddle. Small boats use it as a short-cut to westward, and from its dangerous nature, being carved by nature between two coral reefs, tradition has it that pirates in early times used to elude the chase of war ships by running in at one harbor and using this channel in order to slip out at the other. If this rumor has any foundation in fact, either the channel in early times was deeper than on the day *Caribee* went through, or else the boat used by the buccaneers must have been as small as our cat-boats.

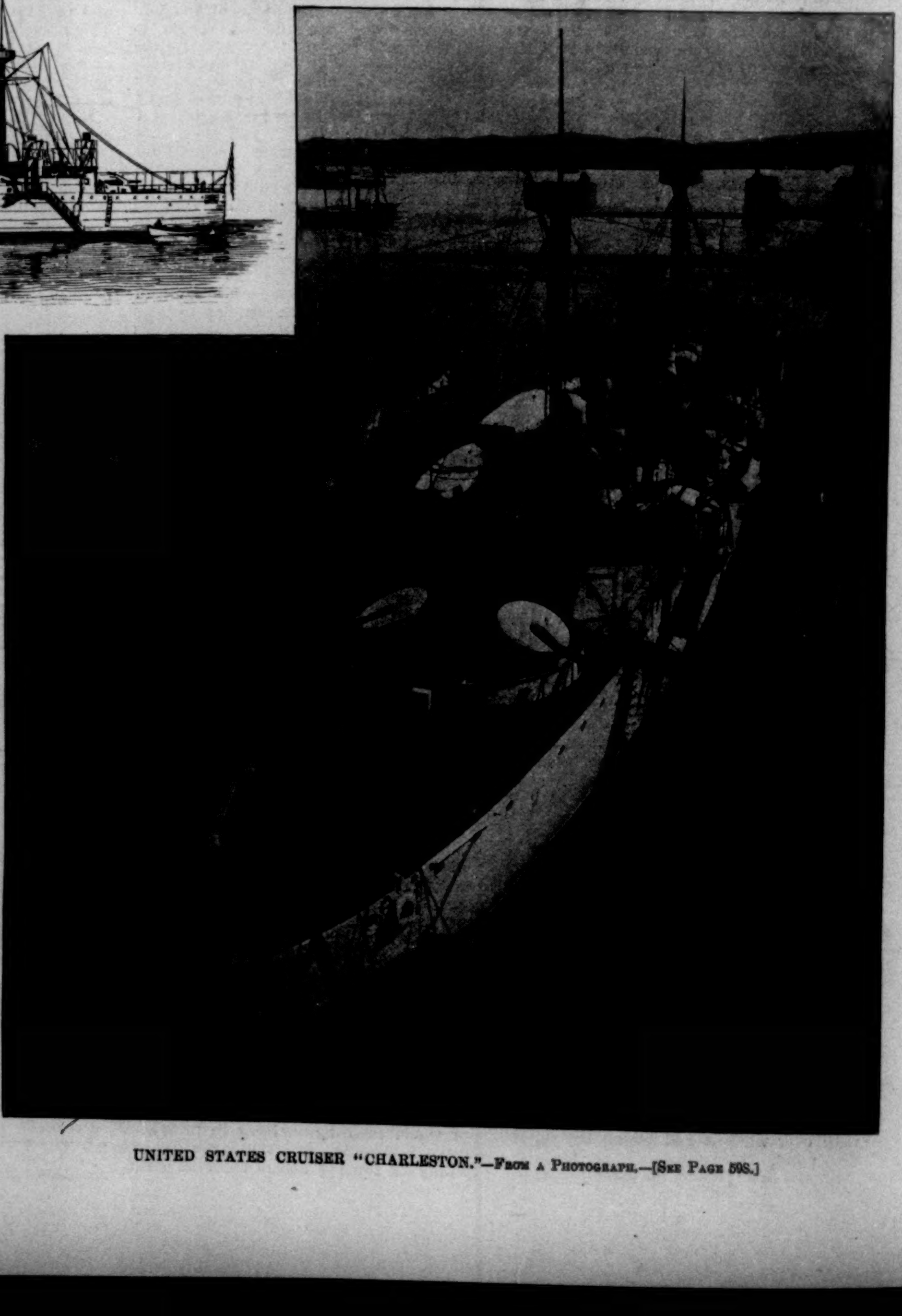
As the little pink fort of St. Thomas was beginning to look dim in the gathering twilight, *Caribee* glided through the pirate's channel, past a graceful schooner flying the burgee of the New York Yacht Club, and up to the landing-stage, where most of the wharf-side population had gathered to learn the result of the cruise. At first they would not believe that *Caribee* had come in from the west, insisting that no boat like her could get around, and that I must have come back on my tracks after paddling a few miles to eastward. This altercation did not trouble me, I was too busy getting *Caribee* up on to the wharf and stored for the night, being, besides, very hungry, and with no clothes but a wet flannel shirt and trousers. But Uncle Ned soon set my record straight in St. Thomas; his shivering body gathered warmth as he enlarged on the wonders that *Caribee* performed before her accident; to judge by the effect on the crowd, without hearing the words used, I feel confident that my faithful companion spun them such a yarn as could be matched only by Munchausen. Suffice it to say that during the balance of my stay in the island I could not buy a banana in the market without receiving with the change a blessing for my safe return.



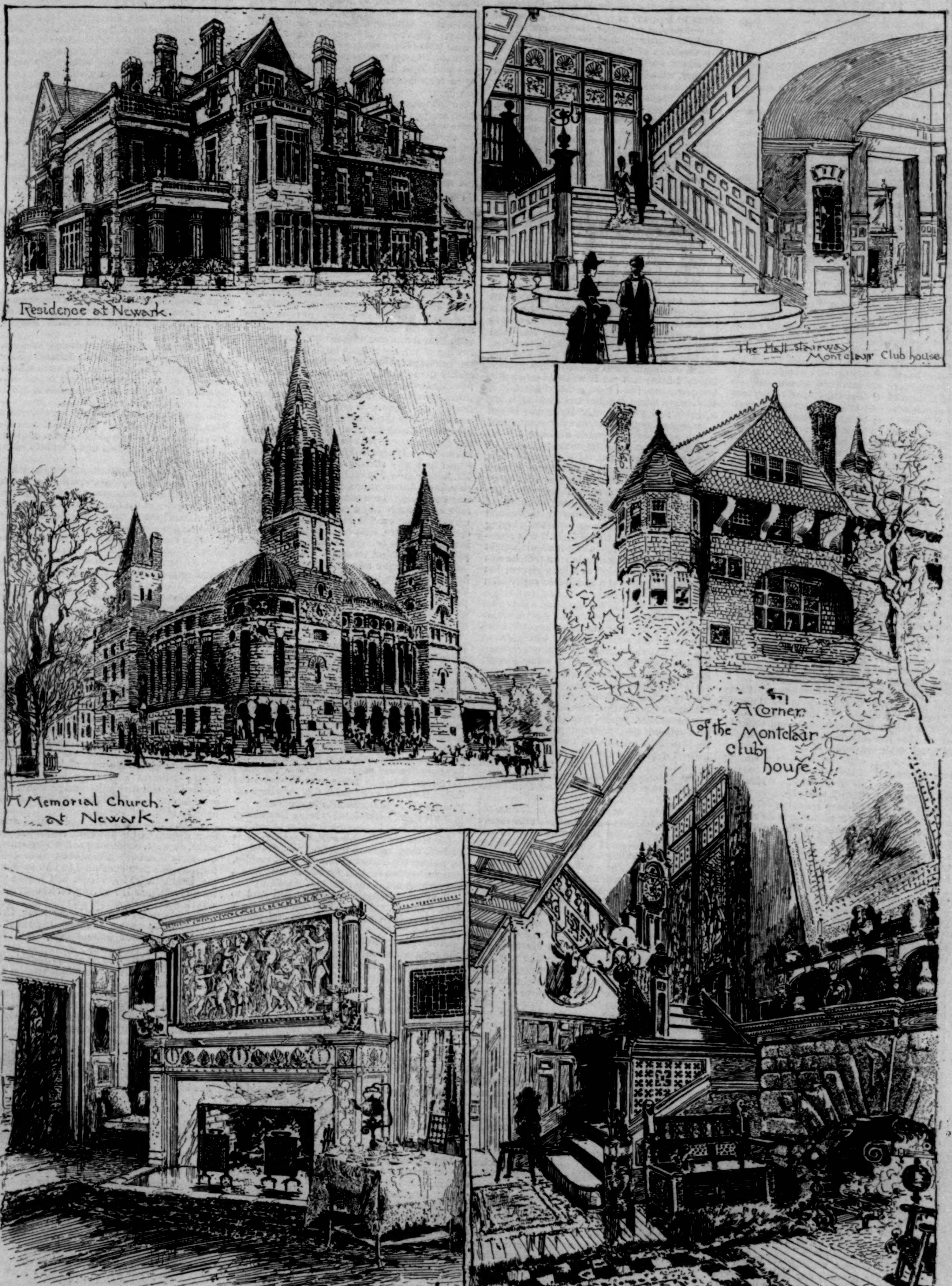
BROADSIDE VIEW OF THE "CHARLESTON."



STERN VIEW, SHOWING TWIN SCREWS.



UNITED STATES CRUISER "CHARLESTON."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 598.]


Residence at Newark.
The Hall stairway Montclair Club house
A Memorial church at Newark
A Corner of the Montclair Club house
Interiors Shorthills

RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN NEW JERSEY.—DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.—[SEE PAGE 525.]

SANT.

A Romance of the Redwoods.

BY EDITH BROWER.

CHAPTER IV.

LEMONADE SPRING.

THE Kempers had been for some time planning an expedition for Miss Bent's amusement to one of the mineral springs with which the region abounded. They found it hard to decide between the attractions of Green Well, a beautiful sulphur water of great depth, or Lemonade Spring. The latter was wellnigh inaccessible, and Mrs. Kemper thought it too much for their guest to attempt. Billy said, "I'll git her up, an' she kin roll down," though the descent was even more precarious than the ascent. However, when Miss Bent was appealed to, she decided in favor of the latter, for she had withal an adventurous spirit.

The expedition was to take place on a Sunday, and Sant was invited to join the party. All the week previous Celestine had made constant effort to conceal the outward evidences of a sinking heart, but by the time that Sunday came her feelings had grown beyond all power to repress them. Little spirit had she for climbing; blind was she to the wonders of the way. Billy made good his promise of "gittin' her up," but he had a nearly-dead weight on his hands. Every few steps she was obliged to stop and rest. Once, in a spot where the going was not absolutely perpendicular, she sat down, looking so pale and disheartened that Billy, sorely frightened at what he had attempted to do, suggested, "Hadn't you better go back?" But no, she would not go back.

Meanwhile Mrs. Kemper, with Sant's assistance, was making brave headway, plentifully larding the lean rocks as she scaled them. All the way along she had been striving to communicate to Sant her sentiments regarding Miss Bent's condition. Slow shakings of the head, accompanied by a pathetic raising of the eyelids, and inarticulate aspirations and grunts, seemed vocal with "Poor thing!" and "How I'd like to strangle somebody!"

Sant certainly knew that all was not right; his woman-like sensitiveness had detected this fact days before; but at the point where a woman would have taken a step further, he, a man, stopped. Mrs. Kemper's dumb-show only served to assure him that she too recognized the fact of Miss Bent being in some sort of trouble. It had been rumored that she was in ill health; this looked like it, truly; and to be ill so far away from home, among strangers, was doubly trying.

"Miss Bent must be very lonesome," he said, as a turn in their climbing hid the lower party from sight. "I should think Lenny Fox might come over now and then; it would give her a home feeling to see somebody she'd known before."

Mrs. Kemper, with her foot on a sliding stone, managed, at the risk of her life, to turn and look Sant full in the face. "Men are the biggest fools livin'!" said she.

Now as Sant had been speaking of Lenny Fox, Mrs. Kemper's remark might be reasonably suspected of referring to him, but for the look which went with it. That look gave it a strong personal flavor, and seemed to say that present company was *not* excepted in her universal declaration.

They were now very near the top, which they reached by a spurt, so to speak, and then sat down to regain their breath and await the others.

Lemonade Spring lay under a broad rock that extended far out over the precipitous cañon, forming a sort of air-hung grotto. Around the basin were natural seats of stone. While Mrs. Kemper drew forth from her basket spoons, tumblers, lemons, a paper bag of lump-sugar and another of cookies and sweet biscuit, arranging them upon the flat rock, Sant sat silently looking out over the opposite wall of the chasm, which, being considerably lower than the spring, permitted a marvellous view over miles of mountain region. He was musing upon his companion's last remark. While not doubting its truth, he failed to perceive its relevancy. However, he felt none the less sorry for Miss Bent that his sorrow was of a vague sort, and he resolved that if he really were a fool, his cap and bells should be dedicated to her service.

By the time that Billy and his charge arrived at the spring, Mrs. Kemper had the sweetened lemon juice ready; and as they seated themselves under the rocky shelf, she poured some of the cool effervescing water into each tumbler, and handed around the foaming draught.

"Oh, how delicious!" exclaimed Celestine. "One doesn't expect to be treated to soda-water in such a wild place."

Her spirits were returning. When the world lies far beneath our feet, care seems to lie there too, and for the time we forget that it is awaiting us on our way down again into the valley. The effects of a rare atmosphere and of a wide prospect are quite diverse—the former excites, the latter solemnizes; but as the one can seldom be had without the other, the combined effect is peculiar.

People of grave and dignified manners will often become almost silly upon great mountain elevations. Altitude alone cannot account for this, for altitude alone does not produce it. It would seem to spring from a sense of personal insignificance, which, acting by contraries, arouses irreverence rather than awe. From one cause or another the little party was very merry. Sant, finding himself in a teasing mood, renewed his old attacks upon the *mind-cure*, advancing arguments so flippant as to divest the subject of all seriousness whatever, thereby emboldening Billy—after he had swallowed four or five tumblers of "lemon soda"—to join in the attack, to the great amazement of Mrs. Kemper, who had never before encountered in her husband any alarming amount of dissent. Celestine could not sit by and see one of her own sex at a disadvantage, but defended the weaker side in a manner wholly disinterested, seeing that she was by no means an adherent of the new doctrine. The discussion long outlasted the lunch, and was passing into a heated stage, when Sant, instead of replying to a particularly knock-down statement aimed at him with a personal directness that was almost vicious by Mrs. Kemper, suddenly began to sing.

Celestine had not yet heard his voice by itself. In the little church she had been struck only by its volume, which, compressed in such small space, gave more pain than pleasure. But up under the very eaves of the sky it was inexpressibly different. Somebody said of the greatest living contralto, "She sings as if she had always sung out-of-doors upon a high mountain." Of Sant it might be said that he always *ought* to sing in such environment. Here it was less loud than full; it seemed to fill all visible creation, having a ponderous weight of tone like that which distinguishes Niagara from a deafening mill-dam; and yet it was not unwieldy, but possessed, for a bass, musical flexibility. His song was not familiar to Celestine, being Spanish, and sung in that language; it had a strongly accented yet flowing movement, which agreeably suggested a guitar accompaniment without the impertinent twang of the actual instrument. He sang the first part of each stanza in a broken manner, with a sort of wild violence like that of a crazy person; but in the second part the key changed, and his tones, losing nothing of their volume, became strangely modulated to the ear by an intense pathos ringing through them. As to his face, it was transfigured. From the first Celestine had thought him odd-looking—interesting; in fact, he was not a man to be passed by with a glance; but now she felt that she had never really seen him before. He was beautiful—glorious. The defects of his too delicate head were hidden when thrown back, for the true masculinity of his features then became more prominent, and accorded nobly with his massive throat; the sorrowful look engendered by heart-loneliness was for the time absent, and his great eyes glowed like fires of dawn.

He went, almost without pause, from one song to another, choosing them by no apparent method, sometimes wailing out in succession several hymns learned of the monks in boyhood, and perhaps passing directly from these to a love-song impassioned in the highest degree, or abruptly bursting out into a devil-may-care ditty, flinging his voice about among the rocks with the air of a reckless boy casting stones over a precipice.

Altogether it was a strange performance; quite too strange to be communicable to any one not witnessing it. Perched up in the air, under the great rock, with the spring uncannily bubbling below in its deep basin, looking across the crevasse over miles of overlapping ridges, listening to this weird creature chanting his weird songs, Celestine believed herself bewitched. This was not earthly, nor was it heavenly, but an intermediate state of being, unspeakable and wholly delightful. Sant had begun singing for her benefit; he continued for his own, no more conscious of the effect he was producing than was Celestine conscious of the sensations her music had wrought in him when he first heard it, unknown to her, outside upon the door-step.

When a pause came, Mrs. Kemper proposed that Miss Bent and he should sing together. It was not an easy matter to find a song with which both were familiar, but at length they hit upon that time-honored, thrice-hackneyed piece "Juanita."

After a little time spent in deciding which of them should take the lower part, it was agreed that Sant should carry the air to Miss Bent's alto, as this arrangement would better balance the inequality between a bass and a soprano voice.

Sant knew nothing of modulation; he sang as the spirit moved him, and as the breath in his mighty lungs enabled him. But when now for the first time a finely trained voice blended itself with his, his own involuntarily yielded to the influence. He found an intense enjoyment that was utterly new in this dovetailing of tones, in the very striving of the two sound streams to flow together, and while yet retaining each its own pitch, to mingle in one river of harmony.

It was so perfect—this mingling. The voice, is it not the breath—the breath which is the life? So do souls meet, so mingle. Sant looked into Celestine's gray eyes. The horizon was leagues away over the undulating hills, but her gaze went beyond. Out from her red lips, so near, came the song—the vocalized breath—but where was her soul? Sant's voice broke off as a dry twig is snapped in two; he leaped down from the rock where he sat. Celestine sang on mechanically for a few bars, then ceased.

"What is it?' she asked, coming back to herself.

"It's a frog in my throat," said Sant. "I guess I've sung enough."

On the way down Celestine said: "Mr. Marcellus, I want very much to see the inside of your house. If it is as odd and beautiful as the outside, it must be quite worth seeing. Won't you invite me to call?"

Sant was only too ready to bestow the asked-for invitation. It was arranged that the Kempers and Miss Bent should stop at Bronco Bunk for dinner on the next Sunday after church.

As they parted, Sant ventured to say, "Miss Bent, are you willing to try a duet with me again some time?"

"Certainly," she responded. "Your voice and mine fit like hand and glove."

Sant blushed like a girl, and went on his way, singing so that all the little birds that had retired, thinking it night-time, waked up expecting a storm.

CHAPTER V.

DINNER AT BRONCO BUNK.

GREAT were Sant's preparations for the approaching dinner party. He rode over to Toveco one evening for the purchase of special delicacies rarely seen in the cañon, and spent his spare time in studying an ancient cook-book, which now seemed to contain no recipes worth the making. He held confabs with Blue Arms and with Mrs. Kemper, borrowing of the latter some table furniture for the occasion. On Sunday morning he rose earlier than usual, in order to do as much as possible toward dinner-getting before church-time, several cold dishes having been made during the week. When he reached the meeting-house the congregation were assembled and waiting for him. During the opening doxology he saw Lenny Fox on one of the back seats. Where had that gentleman come from? and why should he come to church? Mr. Lennington Fox and divine service were singularly incongruous ideas. While Sant was sustaining the word "Gho—st" upon a note as prolonged and penetrating as a fog-whistle, it occurred to him that Mr. Fox had come over to see Miss Bent, perhaps to hear her sing. This being both likely and appropriate, Sant's mind was set at rest.

When Celestine rose after the sermon for her solo he was struck by a change in her; all the recent marks of dejection had disappeared; she looked like a beatified saint, and sang like one. Her selection, an adaptation of Braga's "Angel's Serenade" to religious words, suited well her pure voice and simple, fervent style. The whole congregation held their breath, and Mr. Hellmost sat for some time after she had finished before offering the concluding prayer.

Directly service was over, Lenny Fox came forward. He was a tall, straight, muscular fellow, fair-haired and pretty-faced, with a business-like voice and manner. He spoke to Celestine in a way that showed most familiar acquaintance. Presently Mrs. Kemper went to Sant, who was gathering up the hymn-books, and said:

"Seems Lenny's come over to spend the day. He's got to go back this evening; expect you'll have to ask him to dinner."

"All right," said Sant; "bring him along. I guess there'll be enough for him to eat."

He then excused himself, hurrying home to look after matters there. Billy drove off to put up his horses in the saw-mill stables, and the rest walked on toward Bronco Bunk, which was not more than half a mile up.

Sant, on leaving the church, had said to Mrs. Kemper. "I can't be cook and reception committee too. You'll do the polite, won't you?"

Now good Mother Kemper judged that the most acceptable way of doing the polite under existing circumstances would be to go on ahead, thus giving Celestine and Lenny opportunity for a tête-à-tête. She found Sant in his shirt sleeves, with a great apron tied around his neck, jumping about his little kitchen like a frog, bending red-faced and anxious over the bubbling, sputtering, or sizzling contents of his pots and pans. A table had been laid for four in the back part of chin-chin, but the unexpected guest necessitated a rearrangement. This Mrs. Kemper kindly attended to, and then offered her services in the kitchen; but Sant would not consent to share his palms with her; the dinner must be his—all his; so she took a seat in a corner, out of the way, and proceeded to discuss the sermon, passing thence by easy sequence to the music.

"Miss Bent sang as if she was happy today, didn't she?"

"Yes," said Sant, trying the potatoes with a fork.

"Well, I expect her singin' told the truth; she ain't the same girl she was yesterday."

"What's been the matter?" asked Sant, with no great show of curiosity.

"Good sakes, man! don't you know?"

"How should I know?" said he, surprised by her tone.

"Well, how should *I* know?" she retorted.

"I suppose she told you."

"You innocent! Do you think one woman ever needs to tell another woman anything about *such* a thing? She hain't told me nothin'. I seen it with my eyes—before there was anything to see. Now that there *is* somethin' to see, you kin use your own eyes. Come here."

Sant had his potatoes off the fire now, and was mashing them vigorously. He crossed over to the window, and looked out. On a rock low down by the rushing water sat Celestine and Lenny. One of her hands lay in both of his, while the other rested upon his shoulder. They were talking earnestly, looking into each other's faces.

"There!" said Mrs. Kemper. "Do you see that?" Then, after a pause, during which Sant stood holding the potato-masher aloft, staring out upon the living picture: "But I'm sorry for her all the same. He ain't good enough for her. I don't much like that Northmayd business. There mayn't be anything in it, but it don't look right. Better come away from the window; they'll see you. I bet you I kin tell you the hull story out o' my head—same's ef they'd told it to me. They're engaged; *ben* engaged a good long while; an' she come out here to see him, maybe partly for her health too, but mostly on his account. An' he hain't ben near her but wunst till to-day; an' thet's what's kep' her down in the mouth. It kinder makes me believe in them Toveco stories. What a fool old Joe Northmayd is! Marry a pretty young girl, an' then take a good-lookin' young fellow to board. An' he can't git rid o' Lenny, they say, 'cause he owes him money. Hadn't you better hurry up with them potatoes? They're gittin' cold. An' my! your victuals is a-cookin' over." And Mrs. Kemper jumped to the rescue. "You men may be good enough cooks, but you can't do two things at a time like we women folks."

The dinner, though a culinary success, came near to being a social failure. Four people with their minds on the same matter create a certain atmosphere which one outside the secret must be obtuse indeed not to feel.

Billy's spiritual thermometer registered a very low temperature. He looked into the grave faces around the table and remarked, "'Pears like church has hed a serious effect on us to-day."

This timely observation brought the others to their senses, and soon conversation flowed freely. Celestine expressed unfeigned delight at the interior of the bunk. "In the East we would call you a poet, Mr. Marcellus, for building a house like this."

"Don't a poet hev to write poetry?" asked Billy.

"Oh! you know there are some who can better express themselves in deeds than in words," replied Celestine.

"I kinder think what we do is always wuth more'n what we say." This from Mrs. Kemper, with an undertone of indignation which diffused uncomfortableness over the whole party, including her spouse, who began to wonder what he could have left undone at home.

Sant flashed one of his humorous looks around; people must not be made uncomfortable in his house. "That's what Tom says of you, mother, that your bark is worse than your bite. He says you scold him like a Dutch uncle, and then spoil all the good of it by doing him two or three kindnesses in a lump."

"That's about the way of it," said Billy, dryly; whereat everybody laughed, while mother flushed with pride and pleasure. Her good-humor was quite restored, and all went merrily at the table.

When dinner was over and cleared away, Sant displayed his bedroom, rustic but scrupulously neat, containing a few souvenirs of his early Southern life, among them a tiny hideous *prie-dieu* presented to him by one of the Brothers. The Virgin had a lean and hungry look, as if starving for the devotion which was her due.

Coming again into the larger room, Celestine spied the guitar, and went toward it.

"Yes, let's hev some music," said Mrs. Kemper.

Sant moved the bark chairs outside, and they all gathered in a semicircle around Miss Bent, who sat upon the threshold, leaning her back against the door-post, a charming picture in her light gray dress, the antique guitar across her lap, its curiously curved neck adorned with a crimson cord and tassels. She gave one or two songs in a rather indifferent way, then bending forward, and striking her chords with a certain significance, though looking downward the while, she began,

> "When thou art near to me,
> Sorrow seems to fly"—

by this she had raised her eyes, and was looking full at Lenny—

> "And then I think, as well I may,
> That on this earth there is no one
> More blest than I."

Sant's eyes, burning and almost prehensile in their gaze, were fixed upon her face, but they had no power to draw her. She sang on passionately, playing ever with a more fervent touch:

> "But when thou leavest me,
> Doubts and fears arise,
> And darkness reigns
> Where all before was light.
> The sunshine of my soul
> Is in those eyes,
> And when thou leavest me,
> All the world is night."

A little pause, not unmusically filled by the pines above and Onnimodec below; then, with growing serenity:

> "So when thou'rt near to me,
> Sorrow seems to fly;
> And then I think, as well I may,
> That on this earth there is no one
> So blest as I."

"That's a pretty song," said Billy; "and a nice tune to it."

"It's an old one," said Lennington Fox. "I've heard her sing it better."

After the Kempers drove away with their visitors, Sant stood on his little foot-bridge until they disappeared from view. Then he went back into the house, and took up the guitar. He sat down and laid it across his knees, touching it gently all over, as one would touch a very sacred and precious thing. Then he arose, laid it upon the chair, knelt before it, and kissed it—he kissed the frets, where her fingers had been; the neck, where her hand had clasped it; and the sounding-board, across which her arm had lain. Laying his cheek upon the strings, he embraced the mute instrument as if it were a living being, and thus remained for a long while. A voice was yet singing in the dark empty room,

"When thou art near to me,
Sorrow seems to fly."

CHAPTER VI.

THE CLOUD-BURST.

Miss Bent appeared to be very happy nowadays. She did not walk much, for the rains, knowing their end to be near at hand, were making good use of the little time left them; but Sant often heard her joyously singing as he went by the house, and if he caught sight of her at the window, it was a peaceful face she showed him.

One morning, nearly two weeks later, Mrs. Kemper put out her head to ask Sant if he had cut their acquaintance.

"You're missin' a power o' good music," she said, nodding significantly backward. "Plays and sings all day long when she ain't writin' letters; but" (here Mrs. Kemper stepped outside, closing the door after her) "that *fellow!*"—clinching both hands, with the thumbs carefully doubled in. "If I was a man, I'd fisticuff him, I would! He ain't wuth a hair out of her eyebrow, but he makes her believe just anything he likes. He's bought a new mill at Little Boom—got two already; what does he want of another?—an' he tells her he's so busy he hain't time to come over, an' she swallows it every word. I guess Frances Northmayd knows how busy he is."

"Oughtn't some one to tell her?" said Sant.

"Tell who? What?"

"Oughtn't you to let Miss Bent know about—the Northmayds? I should think a woman would thank another for telling her such a thing."

"Lord! *you* don't know women if you think *that* 'd do any good. She'd be all the more sot in his favor."

"If she knew he wasn't faithful?"

"Oh! don't you see? She wouldn't believe a word of it; you couldn't make her. *I* know. Why, you've no idea how fond she is of him. She hain't *said* a word about it, but *my!* I kin read her like a book. She lives and hez her bein' in him. No use tellin' *her* any stories. Well, good-by"—Sant was moving slowly away. "Come in soon."

Sant had great confidence in Mrs. Kemper's judgment, but he could not be sure that she was right in this matter. He tried hard to put himself in Miss Bent's place, but, as mother had said, he did not know women. Of one thing, however, he was certain, that whether or not Miss Bent would desire to be informed of the true state of affairs, and whether or not she would give credence to the information, it was the plain duty of those who had this information not to withhold it. Could *he* tell her? The thought of possible disillusionment on her part gave him for the instant a strange uplifting of the heart. But the next moment he shook himself as one shakes a naughty child. "What good would it do *you*, James Marcellus?"

The rains kept up so that work was discontinued for some days. Sant had all his time on his hands, but the Kempers did not see him. He staid about his own place, always polite to the camp men who called, but quite rarely joining in the conversation, and refusing to sing.

One day Tom said, "Well, if you won't make music, I'll have to," and was about to lay hands on the guitar, which stood in a corner by the chimney.

Sant sprang at him like a wild-cat. "Don't you touch it!" he said. Then he took the guitar himself, and put it away in his bedroom.

"Reckon Sant's gettin' a little cracked, livin' down there by himself," was Tom's comment upon this episode.

On a clear morning, while work was still suspended, Sant took one of the mules and started for Toveco. The ride through the wet, fragrant forest gave some relief from thoughts which were made heavier by inaction. It was good to be alone and without fear of meeting anybody, for surely only stern necessity would take one through such ruts and holes. But at a fork in the road where the right led to Toveco and the left to Little Boom he met a man toiling along on horseback in the direction of the former place. The horse could scarcely exceed a walk, but his rider wore an appearance of great anxiety, leaning forward and beating the poor beast, and shouting to him to hasten.

Sant recognized an acquaintance, one Paul Riker, a mill hand. He would gladly have been spared this encounter, but could not avoid greeting the man, who soon made known the cause of his great hurry. He came from Lenny Fox, he said. Lenny had ridden over the day before to Little Boom to look after his new interest there, and had gone up the river as far as the boom, taking Paul with him. Toward evening, as they were preparing to leave, Lenny walked out on the logs to take a last survey, when suddenly he called to Paul to look at the sky.

"And there, way up the cañon, was a black funnel pointing right down on us, and in a moment more it bust, and the water began to rise; and Lenny he ran for the shore, but the logs heaved so he couldn't step from one to another, and I seen him ketched in between two, and heard him holler. I reached him the pole, but he couldn't take it; but the hook stuck in his coat, and when the logs riz a little more I jerked with all my might, and landed him like he'd been a fish. He was nigh dead, but I took him to the cabin, and did what I could; but that wasn't much. It was getting pitch-dark, and I daresent leave him; so I kept him alive on whiskey all night; and this morning he says to me—he hadn't spoke before—that I should come down to Toveco and fetch the doctor and Mrs. Northmayd. Guess 'tain't so much matter about the doctor as for Mrs. Northmayd;" and Paul managed to wink at Sant, while not remitting his efforts to help the horse along.

"Didn't he send for any one else?" asked Sant.

"No," said Paul, "he didn't. Who else was there to—" But Sant's face was already turned toward Onnimodec.

He could reach there, he thought, and by a crosscut through the woods get to Little Boom before Paul Riker could possibly return from Toveco with Frances Northmayd. It must be—it should be done.

Celestine was starting for a walk when she saw Sant, covered with mud, tearing up the road toward her, mounted upon a mule, and leading another with a gray blanket sinched around it. In a few sentences he told her of the accident to Lenny, and that he had come to take her to him.

"We've no lady's saddle," he added, "but if you'll ride on this, I'll get you there as quick as I can."

A word to Mrs. Kemper, and Celestine was ready to start. "I've ridden bareback," she said, as Sant lifted her on to the mule, "and I think I can keep my seat on this blanket."

She only half realized what had happened; but she was greatly excited, and chatted with a gayety partly spontaneous and partly forced, noticing everything as she went along. Their way, after leaving the road, lay through a pathless tract, though Sant seemed well enough aware of his course. There was little brushwood, and there were few trees, save the redwoods, which ranged in size from eight feet to twelve feet in diameter, carrying no limb within one hundred and fifty feet of the ground. The solemnity of such a forest cannot be imagined; it must be seen. Are you at first disposed to shout your admiration, you are quite as likely in the end to weep from sheer excess of wonder. The light of heaven, let in from so vast a height, gives an effect as weird as reflected moonlight would be. They rode quite rapidly, but were obliged to make many detours, owing to ridges, ravines, clumps of trees, and enormous fallen trunks.

Sant spoke not a word, even to indicate their direction, but pulled her bridle when occasionally her mule showed an indisposition to follow his. If ever she asked a question, he only replied by quickening their speed. His eyes were like two black stones, not a point of light shone in them.

Celestine at length became silent under an oppression that was almost like nightmare. They were now climbing up the rough bottom of a ravine, at the head of which they found the forest considerably thinner. The lesser trees stood back in awe of their king —a decapitated giant, whose girth, as far up as a man could reach, was more than forty feet. Grass grew fearlessly around its mighty roots, and spread thence down to the stream's edge, where the logs lay rather uneasily upon the subsiding but still heaving water. Near the top of the bank was a cabin of two rooms. The wet bark and drift-wood which lay about showed that it had barely escaped being carried off by the inundation. Two horses were tied near by, and a man stood part way down the bank, his back turned, but Sant knew it to be Paul Riker. He swore under his breath when he saw him.

Pulling up before the cabin, Sant dismounted, saying to Celestine, "Wait outside a minute," and went in. The front room contained nothing but two beds covered with coarse quilts. Upon one of these was Lenny, pale as death, his eyes closed, while across him, sobbing violently, and clutching at his apparently unconscious body, lay Frances Northmayd. Sant seized and lifted her from the bed much as he would have torn away a coverlid, carried her through the back room, and thrust her out of the door, which he closed, fastening it with a wooden bolt.

Returning quickly to Celestine, he helped her to dismount, and led her into the cabin. She immediately sank down beside the bed, and Sant stepped out, but as he shut the door a faint voice reached him, so he opened it again. Celestine had risen, and stood shaking from head to foot. "He is dying," was all she could utter. Sant glanced toward the bed. The abrupt loosening of Mrs. Northmayd's tight grasp had served as a galvanic shock, bringing back a sort of life to what was before almost a corpse. Lenny's eyes were open, but in them dwelt no "speculation"; they moved about the room, rested upon Celestine, then closed. She looked up dazed into Sant's face; his eyes were full of tears.

"Is that all?" she asked.

He answered, as if speaking to a little child, "Yes, that is all."

She fell upon her knees with a groan, and kissed and kissed the cold hands, but shed no tears.

Sant did not feel that she wanted him to go away. He could not have gone even if she had wanted it; he was like one strapped to the torture.

Every little while she would lift her head and call, "Lenny! Lenny!" then sink back to her former position. A commotion outside roused them both—horses' hoofs and men's voices.

"It's the doctor," said Sant. Celestine sprang to her feet. "Perhaps he can do something yet."

When the doctor entered, he looked oddly at Celestine, and gave a glance around as if expecting to see some one else, then walked up to the bed. "Too late," he said. Turning to Sant: "I came more in the character of coroner than physician. I knew from what Riker told me of the injuries that I could do nothing, so I summoned jurors as I came along; but in my haste I made a mistake—one more is needed. Riker can't serve, because he was the only man here with Mr. Fox. Can you stay and make up the number? The others will soon be here."

Sant nodded assent, and as some of the men had already arrived and were approaching the cabin, he suggested to Celestine that she should withdraw into the back room. It was entirely bare of furniture or of anything that might serve for a seat.

Celestine went up to the rough wall and leaned against it, her head resting upon one arm. Thus she stood, without thought, without bodily sensation. The sounds from the next room were low, but presently more men came in, and then there was much shuffling of the feet and distinct talking. Suddenly there came to her the full consciousness of what they were doing, saying. She rushed to the outer door; it was fastened, but the wooden bolt slipped easily back. Anywhere, only not in there.

All this while Mrs. Northmayd, in an enraged frame of mind, had been sitting upon one of the huge extended feet of the Father of the Forest. After being so rudely ejected from the cabin, she had immediately tried to re-enter, and failing at the back door, was hastening around to the front, when she saw Celestine in the act of dismounting, and recognized in her Lenny's friend who, many weeks before, had passed through Toveco on the way to Onnimodec Cañon. Lenny had been unable to deceive Mrs. Northmayd as to the true character of his relations with Miss Bent, though his subsequent conduct toward the latter had not been such as to greatly aggravate the former's jealousy. But now, added to her grief and still greater anger, was extreme bewilderment at the almost simultaneous arrival at the Boom of Celestine and herself. Lenny had surely sent for them both, she thought—and by Riker too, since he was the only one with Lenny. But Riker had said nothing about any message to Miss Bent, although he must have known that the two women were likely to meet here. What could it mean? And, still stranger, why had Lenny sent the two messages? Moreover, by what right did that man Marcellus treat her with such indignity? Had she not in every sense the first claim? She was the first to arrive, and she was first in Lenny's heart; he had so sworn to her. Why should she not have come, anyway? Mr. Fox lived in her family, was counted a member of it; she was a married woman. Might she not act as she saw fit?

What could any one find unusual in a woman's going to help a man who had been hurt? It was far more proper for her than for an unmarried girl like Miss Bent. Mrs. Northmayd had not yet reached in her reflections the questionable propriety of the position in which she had been found by Sant when she saw Celestine coming toward her with eyes fixed upon the ground.

The poor girl was brought to a stand-still by the apparition of Frances, who rose like an angry hamadryad, cheeks and eyes flaming with strong dark color, and exclaimed: "How did *you* come? What right had you to drive *me* out of there?" pointing to the cabin.

Celestine stared. Who was this? A lunatic, no doubt. Her being here did not seem so very strange; after the last two hours nothing could seem strange to Celestine again. Nor did she feel any fear; it was a sister, and in sorrow; not like *hers*, though perhaps just such sorrow had brought this poor creature to her present state. With a curious clearness of intelligence, such as often accompanies deep grief, Celestine remembered that she had heard of the treatment of insane persons; that they should not be reasoned with, contradicted, nor directly opposed, but answered according to their folly. So she replied, gently: "Mr. Marcellus brought me over. We will go back to the little house if you like."

It was Frances's turn to stare. "You think I'm crazy," she said. "I'm not. I know you, Miss Bent, if you *do* choose to pretend you don't know me. Perhaps you can tell why Lenny Fox sent for us both. It's me he cared for; he's told me so over and over, and it's the last word he spoke, just before that fellow Marcellus put me out as if I'd been a dog; but he was dead before *you* got to him." She said this with an indescribably insulting air of triumph.

Celestine would have given worlds to be spared the necessity of response, but she knew that the matter could not stop here; it must go on; all must be explained. "Will you tell me who you are?" she forced herself to say. "I certainly have never seen you before, nor did I expect to meet any one here."

"Well, I'm Mrs. Northmayd. *Now* do you know me?"

"With whom I—Mr. Fox boarded?"

"Yes."

The two women looked straight at each other for some moments. Frances spoke first. "He told me all about you. I supposed he must have told you about me."

"You *never* supposed it," cried Celestine. "What could he—"

"Oh, it was six of one and half a dozen of the other, I guess. Don't you think Lenny knew how you've been carrying on with Sant Marcellus? If you could enjoy a flirtation, so could he."

"What do you mean? I like Mr. Marcellus very much, but I have—" Celestine broke off. She would not stoop so far as to justify herself to this woman. She felt beaten and whirled about. What sort of a world had she come to? But she owed much to that good kind friend; at least, she must defend him. "Mr. Marcellus has treated me with all the respect that a man can show to a woman. He has put himself but seldom in my way, and we have had little conversation together. His love of music—"

"Music!" sneered Mrs. Northmayd. "Every one knows he's dead in love with you."

"Every one cannot know it."

"Well, some do. Lenny knew it."

Celestine drew herself up. She spoke quietly, but with intense dignity. "Do not mention Mr. Fox again to me by that name. As to the other, it is impossible what you say. No one can have known it; it is not true."

"It is true," said Sant. He had come up unperceived, hidden by the broad trunk, and the last few sentences had reached his ears. He did not so much as glance at Mrs. Northmayd, but stood facing Celestine, taking off his hat and holding it while he spoke. "It's true," he repeated. "I never meant you to know it. If anybody guessed it, they'd no right to, for I kept it to myself. I wouldn't say it now, now of all times"—he raised his hat before his face for an instant—"only that I think it's right. I want to thank you *here*"—he paused after the word to emphasize it—"for saying I always treated you with respect. I always felt it. You always made me feel it."

As he spoke, his odd face took on that rare beauty which Celestine had seen in it once before; but then he was "away," rapt by his own singing; to-day the whole man was present, conscious.

She could hardly find voice to say, "I thank you from my heart."

He went on, never looking at Frances: "If I could have saved you from this, I would, though there was a time when I thought you ought to be told all; but at the end I did my best to keep it from you, when there was no good, only harm, in your knowing."

Some commotion was now visible about the cabin. Sant's tone and manner changed. He said, quickly:

"Miss Bent, the men are going to carry him down part way on a stretcher, the roads are so bad. Sha'n't we start off first? I'll bring the mules to the back door." And they walked down the hill together, leaving Frances Northmayd standing alone under the big tree.

CHAPTER VII.

"BARE, RUIN'D CHOIRS."

The ride back was a dream to Celestine at the time and forever after. Her mind was crowded with images, but the effect was that of blankness. Once they were mounted, not a word passed between Sant and herself all the way. When they reached Kempers', near nightfall, both those worthy people were on the door-step.

"I was just tellin' mother I guessed I'd have to start out and hunt you up," said Billy.

Sant jumped off his mule and went around to help Celestine alight, but she fainted in his arms. "She hasn't eaten a mouthful all day," he said, as he carried her into the house and laid her upon her own bed. "She wouldn't touch the lunch you gave her."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Kemper. "Was he dead when she got there?"

"Almost. But that's not the worst, somebody else was there before her, and she found out everything."

Mrs. Kemper was pulling out a pillow from under Celestine's head. She stopped. "Was that woman there?"

Sant nodded.

"How'd she git there?"

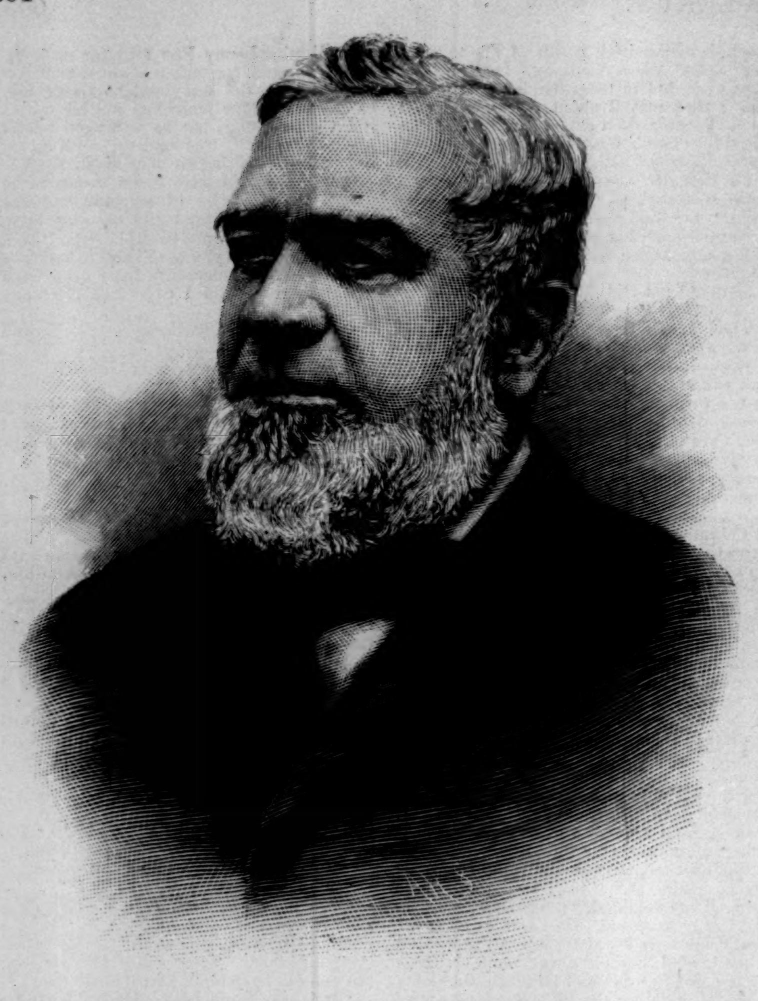
"He sent for her."

"And not for this one?"

"No."

"And you just took her over of your own accord?"

"Yes. I tried to get her there the first, but we came too late."



THE LATE JAMES M. BROWN OF NEW YORK.—From a Photograph by Fredericks.

Mrs. Kemper was violently fanning Celestine; she kept on a while in silence, then said slowly, in a very tender, reverent voice: "Sant Marcellus, you're a good man. You deserve somethin' better than you'll ever git—on *this* earth."

Sant made no reply. He stood watching the white face until the lids fluttered partly open, after which he went quietly out.

Next morning he called to ask after Miss Bent, but saw only Mr. Kemper. She was much better, Billy said. She had arisen as usual, and taken breakfast with them.

"She's mighty plucky," he added. "But I guess we won't have her much longer. She's talkin' already 'bout goin' back East—wants to git off as soon as she can. Expect we'll miss her lots."

In a few days work began, and Sant was obliged to pass the house daily, but he did not stop, nor did he see Miss Bent. He heard of her, however, and of her preparations for departure. One day, on arriving at the camp, Billy handed him a note. It was from Celestine, saying that she intended going away the next morning, and desired greatly to see him.

"I am sure," she wrote, "that you will not refuse me this favor."

No, he would not refuse it—could not, indeed—since she had asked it. It would all have to be paid up, this debt of fate. The payment would take his lifetime; one more obligation could hardly involve him deeper.

The little family were not gathered together, as usual of an evening, when Sant arrived. Mrs. Kemper ushered him somewhat mysteriously into the parlor, and left him there alone. He was still standing in the middle of the floor when Celestine entered.

She went straight up to him, and put out her hand, which he took and held as a child holds some rare, coveted thing intrusted to it for a short time. Lying in his palm, it looked like a white lily petal fallen upon the brown earth.

"Thank you for coming," she said, simply, and took the nearest chair.

Sant did not sit down. He went and leaned his elbow upon the low mantel filled with china vases and peddler's trinkets. Celestine was glad of this. She feared that she could not have borne his level eye-beam and have said all she wished to. As it was, she could scarcely go on, when, glancing up now and then, she met that steady gaze, that look of pain without a language.

"I would not have sent for you, Mr. Marcellus," she began, in a low, clear voice, "if I had been sure you would come of yourself; but when you did not come, and the time of my going was so near, I felt compelled to write and ask you to give me a chance for saying good-by—and something more. From one point of view there is no necessity for saying it. Some might think it better left unsaid, but I do not think so. My point of view is different. I feel"—here her voice grew stronger—"I feel that I owe it to you as a true friend, who did his very best for me in the time of my deepest need and sorrow, to tell you not only how I appreciate what you did, but also how entirely I appreciate the full extent of your nobility in doing it. It was more than a kindness; it was a great sacrifice—the greatest that it is possible to make: the sacrifice of yourself, of your own feelings. Of course I could not have known how great this was except for what you yourself told me the other day at the Boom."

"Don't speak of that, please," Sant broke in. "I said it because I thought it was right for me to say it *then*, but I hoped you'd forget it."

"How could I forget it?" interposed Celestine, with a voice full of tears. "I knew why you said it. You acted like a man—like the man that you are. You spoke without a thought of whether you would gain or lose by speaking. You were not afraid of what anybody would think of you. You did it for my sake; to put me in the right position, as only such a manly avowal could do. I can never rightly thank you for it—never!"

Celestine paused to regain composure. The room was so deathly still that she raised her eyes, almost expecting to find Sant had vanished. He was looking at her; he had not looked away from her. His head rested upon his hand, and every line, small or great, on his much-marked face stood out as if drawn there in crayon.

Celestine trembled all over as she went on. "I—there is one thing more I want to say. A great blow has come to me. Not death; that is not the worst. There is far worse. It is—to lose faith. Sometimes when one loses it in another who was all the world, then faith in all the world goes too—unless there is some help from outside, from some one who can make belief come back. You, Mr. Marcellus, have done this for me. You have made me believe in the possibility of faithful love; you have taught me what it means."

After another silence she arose. He understood the signal, and looked around for his hat, found it, tucked it under his arm, and came and stood before her. At length he said,

"Miss Bent—"

She put out both her hands. He drew them together, holding them between his own. Suddenly he stooped, and buried his face in the two little white palms, then turned and ran out of the room.

Spring was coming in the Onnimodec region. So the calendar said; so the white-oaks down in the valley said, and the few deciduous trees up among the mountains; so said, also, the lessening rains, and soon would come further assurances in the dryness and the dust. A hundred varieties of flowers made bright with hues inexpressible the cañon's steep sides; its streams in the quieter parts were thick with bulrushes, and every nook and turn was musically noisy with birds. An atmosphere ineffably clear and gorgeous lay like a transparent enamel over all distances and over the dazzling sky, through which the sun shone with the strength of two suns, yet smote not, but invigorated head and heart. Happy hearts, that is; placid, untormented minds—hearts that were homes, possessing and possessed; minds that could accept the simple creed, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," and never ask, "This distortion, this disproportion, this too much shadow, this blight—are these, then, not truth, but things false, deceiving, which will pass away, and leave the universe flawless?"

Many ask this question, though quite inarticulately, having no words in which to say it, unable even to give the feeling a name. But such, although their feet may tread the laughing ways of earth, yet know what is the desolation of souls wandering amid

"Bare, ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

Sant's romance was over; the singing-bird had fled.

THE END.

JAMES M. BROWN.

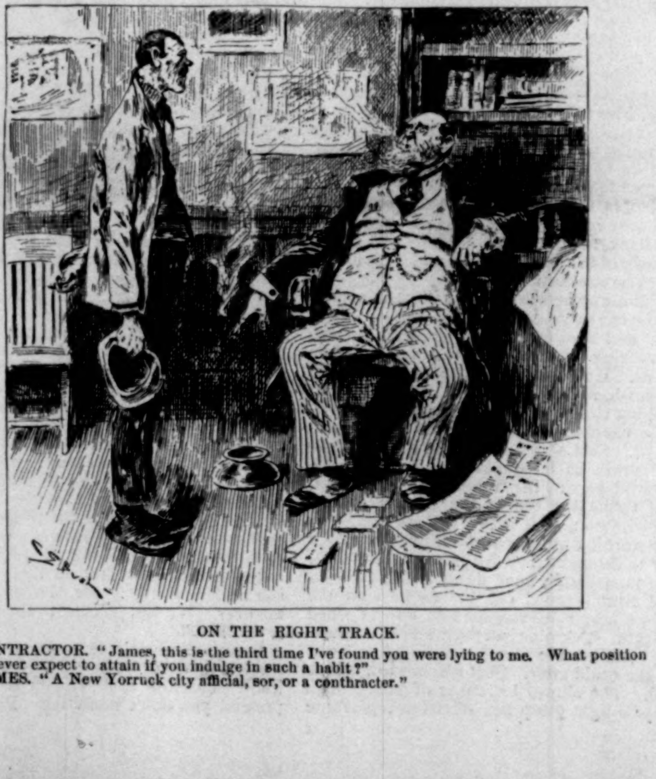
James M. Brown was born in Baltimore in 1820, and died at Manchester, Vermont, on the 19th of this month. Mr. Brown was the senior member of the firm of Brown Brothers & Co., of New York which banking-house stands among the first in the United States in financial importance. For integrity and conservative methods Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co. have been particularly distinguished. This firm has at least that prestige associated with a name, as it has been in existence for over three-quarters of a century, the founder of the house having established himself in Baltimore in the linen business some eighty odd years ago.

Alexander Brown, who came from the province of Ulster, Ireland, settled in Baltimore in 1798, and sold linens. Passing successfully through the embargo and the war of 1812, the business largely increased. In time, to his own name, Alexander Brown, as founder of the house, associated those of his sons. In 1815 the Liverpool branch of James Brown & Co. was established. Subsequently James Brown & Co. became Brown, Shipley, & Co., of Liverpool, under which style this firm still exists, its business having assumed the largest proportions. William Brown, one of the members of this firm, created a Baron by the Queen, was a member of Parliament, and endowed Liverpool with a free library. In time the linen business of the Browns was closed, and then finance alone occupied the attention of the main house and its various branches. The business of the house of Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co. became then international in its character, and letters of credit issued by this firm are considered to-day as representatives of value all over the civilized world.

James M. Brown first began his career in Philadelphia as one of the partners in the house of William and James Brown & Co. Possessing abilities of a high order, he helped to establish the New York house, and to his skill, judgment, and great probity in no small measure the high standing of the present firm is due. At the head of such a vast financial business as was represented by the firm of which he was the senior, the management of so many millions of dollars would have apparently engrossed all his attention; but with Mr. Brown such was not the case. Though giving the closest supervision to the many details of the business, Mr. Brown always considered that the larger portion of his time was due to the public. Having no desire to assume a conspicuous place in politics, he was, however, always to the front when questions of reform were mooted. With a grave consideration of words, when Mr. Brown had anything to say, it was something always worth listening to. In matters of high finance, such as might involve state considerations, Mr. James M. Brown's advice was often sought for, and with advantage.

Without false ostentation, Mr. Brown was among the most charitable of men, and what large sums he gave away in private will never be known. The New York and Chambers Street hospitals, with the Bloomingdale Asylum, owe much to his liberality. When the first steps were taken toward founding the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals he was unceasing in his efforts to bring about its organization. On the death of Mr. Bergh, Mr. Brown was chosen to fill his place. As one of the trustees of the Sailors' Snug Harbor and warden of the Church of the Ascension his high administrative qualities were conspicuous. For some years before his death Mr. Brown was President of the Chamber of Commerce of New York.

Great riches do not always bring with them esteem, but the wealth Mr. Brown possessed had been so honorably earned, and was dispensed so liberally for the benefit of general humanity, that throughout this country and abroad his name was always associated with terms of the highest respect.



ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

CONTRACTOR. "James, this is the third time I've found you were lying to me. What position do you ever expect to attain if you indulge in such a habit?"
JAMES. "A New Yorruck city official, sor, or a conthracter."

PEACE ON EARTH

Awaits that countless army of martyrs whose ranks are constantly recruited from the victims of nervousness and nervous diseases. The price of the boon is a systematic course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest and most genial of tonic nervines, pursued with reasonable persistence. Easier, pleasanter, and safer this than to swash the victualling department with pseudo-tonics, alcoholic or the reverse, beef extracts, nerve foods, narcotics, sedatives, and poisons in disguise. "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," is the providential recuperant of weak nerves, and this glorious franchise being usually the consequences of sound digestion and increased vigor, the great stomachic which insures both is productive also of repose at the required time. Not unrefreshed awakens the individual who uses it, but vigorous, clear-headed, and tranquil. Use the Bitters also in fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney troubles, constipation, and biliousness.—[*Adv.*]

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When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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LIFE IN SOUTHERN PRISONS.

BY ISABEL C. BARROWS.

"WELL, Judge," said a clerk of a Southern criminal court at the close of a ten days' session, "we have given the State one hundred and fifty years of labor this time."

The remark was colorless, so far as the prejudices of the speaker were concerned, but it betrayed unconsciously the general attitude of the South toward the convict question. The best prison discipline of modern days holds the convict in confinement for punishment, for reformation, and for the protection of society. The remark quoted refers to none of these, but only to the monetary value of the convict's time, an estimate of human worth not far removed from that of the period preceding 1861, and a legitimate successor of that view.

No one who was not on the ground can in the least appreciate the condition of affairs in the South immediately after the war—ravaged by fire and sword, her money exhausted till she was absolutely penniless, houses, fences, stock gone, the land depleted, and, above all, the strength of her manhood broken and lost. It would have taken pluck and perseverance to have overcome these reverses of war had they been all. But added to this was the problem of caring for six millions of freed people who had yet to learn how to use their liberty. No section of country was ever called to a harder fate, and none has ever met it more bravely or with better success.

During the days of slavery there was comparatively little crime. The easy-go-lucky nature of the uneducated and poorer whites was not ambitious enough to be criminal. The better educated were too well-bred to stoop to criminal life; and for the colored criminals the masters acted as court, judge, jury, and executioner. There was no well-developed idea of *meum* and *tuum* in the negro's brain, and if he sometimes inverted the possessive adjectives he met his punishment in the stroke of the overseer's lash. If he were guilty of murder he might have to forfeit his life, and the State—some of them, at least—made good his loss to his master from the public treasury. Here and there a calaboose, and now and then a jail, comprised the chief provisions for criminals under the law, and State penitentiaries were almost unknown. Tennessee was an exception to this. One of the earliest and best States-prisons of the South was erected there in 1828 (a forlorn building it is now); and, largely inspired by a visit from Dorothea Dix—whose portrait, given by herself to Nashville, is one of its most prized possessions—the criminal law was made broad and progressive, and the treatment of convicts humane and wise, as compared with other places in the South.

Suddenly this stricken land finds six millions of people thrown upon it, of whom hundreds and thousands are soon culprits under the law. What should be done with them, without buildings to receive and house them? The States were at first almost palsied by the situation. When the proposition came to lease the convict labor it was regarded as the best and wisest thing under the circumstances. Here, again, the provisions made by Tennessee were intended to be humane. The first lease kept State control over all the prisoners. No hand could be raised against them without the permission of her authorities. Every prisoner who was adjudged guilty of the infraction of rules of the lessees, and so deserving of punishment, had first to be examined by the State officials, and could be punished only by their permission. Other States had somewhat similar provisions, though it is safe to say they were not always carried out to the letter.

The leasing of convicts disposed of them effectually for a time. The various States were no longer haunted with visions of the necessity of building great prisons and penitentiaries. The lessees carried the convicts off, body and soul, though in many a transit the soul took its flight, and only the dead body was left on their hands, to be covered away out of sight, without Christian rite or ritual, as soon as possible. The horrors of this second age of slavery have not only been written by George W. Cable, but by less practised masters of the pen in minority reports of legislative committees throughout the South. No one appreciates more keenly the evils of this iniquitous system than the best and most thoughtful men of the South. It has seemed, however, a hopeless task to rid themselves of it, and it is therefore the still accepted system of most of the Southern States. Texas threw it off some years ago, and its army of 3200 convicts is employed in various industries under the direct control of the State. South Carolina, thanks to the devoted efforts of Mr. Guignard, one of the directors of the State penitentiary, has given up the lease system and cares for her convicts herself. Arkansas, it is believed, will not renew her lease when the present one has expired. The other Southern States continue this method of employing convicts, though the agitation of public opinion has lessened many of the abuses connected with it. A strong hope was felt that Tennessee, which is now such a noble leader in educational and other directions, would have tried some other method at the expiration of her standing lease; but, to the grief of her best citizens, it has been renewed, under Governor Taylor's genial administration, for six years, at $100,000 a year. This has no reference to the exact number of convicts. They are all lumped in one mass, as worth that amount to the lessees, who house and feed and guard and discipline them, besides paying this good round sum in hard cash. Should crime decrease in Tennessee, so much the worse for the contractors; and it has been loudly whispered—loud enough to cause vibrations in the tympanum of more than one judge—that it is really hardly honorable to the company not to keep the quota of convicts about up to the mark. The Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, with its vast industries at South Pittsburg, Sewanee, and Cowan, in Tennessee, and Birmingham in Alabama, controls the convict labor of Alabama as well as of Tennessee. It is not strange that it can make coke and iron at less risk from strikes and other labor complications than companies which employ only free labor; though it must be said that this company also employs a great number of men who are not convicts, and that many men who have worked under it as convicts continue to do so even after the expiration of their sentences. If the people of these two States are reproached for allowing this system to continue, the reply is that it is useless to struggle against a great syndicate whose ramifications are so innumerable, though many of its members belong in States where it would be thought disgraceful to tolerate the lease system.

Tennessee has a little less than fifteen hundred convicts, and Alabama as many more, the great majority of whom are blacks. In the "black belt" of Alabama there are portions of country where there are three negroes to one white person. Among 1144 convicts in one mining camp there were ten times as many blacks as whites, and of the blacks 885 could neither read nor write.

It is not often that a stranger can get access to the stockades of a convict camp. But at the close of the Prison Congress which was held in Nashville November 10th–20th an invitation to visit one of the mines on the summit of the Cumberland Mountain was sent to the delegates and a special coach put at their disposal. It was a day of alternate rain and sunshine, the latter brightening the landscape at intervals and flooding the valleys with light as the train wound in and out among the hills; the rain, however, was not heavy enough to wash away the traces of fresh whitewash about the stockade. Nor had four rousing fires within the cell-rooms so wholly dried it as to hide the fact that it had been applied since the invitation was given forty-eight hours before.

The mine lies at the very summit of the range, about twenty-five hundred feet above the sea. The working is almost horizontal, so that it is not difficult. The crest of the mountain is almost encircled with scores if not hundreds of coke ovens, each tended by a convict in stripes. Above and overlooking all are sentry-houses, where guards with ready rifles are ever on the outlook for runaways. A reward of twenty-five dollars is offered for every returned convict, which is found to be more efficacious than hunting them with dogs, as is practised in many places. Some of those in charge spoke with great contempt of the value of this class of convict labor, and said that they grudged paying the twenty-five dollars for the recapture of such lazy loafers. Each man must fill six of the small cars that the mules trundle in and out of the mines as his day's "stent." They naturally shirk this all they can, putting in stone at the bottom and coal at the top, using coal-dust in the same fashion, and in other ways overreaching their employers, for all of which a judgment waits them. They seem, however, apathetic about this. In certain mines where a strapping is sure to follow any infringement of rules or any shirking of the task, the men will sometimes lounge away the day and at its close take the punishment, rather than do the work. The task is not exorbitant. Inspectors are supposed to see that it shall not be beyond the capacity of an average man, and it is claimed that men with interest in the work could easily do much more. There are physicians at the camps who examine the convicts and prescribe lighter tasks for those visibly unable to do the strong man's work.

Through the long avenue, bordered on one side by ovens, and on the other by a continuous mountain of coke, the visitors were allowed to climb up to the stockade. On crossing the threshold a savory odor saluted the nostrils from the great caldron where seven bushels of onions were seething in bacon fat, which, with corn-bread, would furnish an abundant repast for the hungry miners. The dining-room tables, though scant—eighteen inches by as many feet—were, for once at least, scoured clean with soap and sand, bringing into relief the innumerable carvings of initials, ships, boats, houses, and other designs with which artistic souls had gratified a higher craving after the material appetite was sated. The hospital came next, where the ghostly sick looked pathetic enough in the stripes of their prison garb. The bedsteads were rough wooden affairs, knocked up by some 'prentice hand. The straw ticks, fresh filled, like all the ticks of the prison that day, were in clean slips of unbleached cotton. Over this the blanket was laid, and on the top of all the sheet, so that the appearance was at least tidy. One should certainly not complain that, in honor of its guests, the stockade should have arrayed itself in its best; that is what every good house-keeper is wont to do. Perhaps, however, it might be of advantage to the convicts if once a week a special coach should bring a party of visitors.

The cells for the well were two stories in height, with two bunks in each cell. They were constructed of heavy timber, and with light and air admitted only through a grated window, eight inches square, except such as could come through the many cracks. It seemed as though it might be a hot place to be shut up in on a sultry August night, but the warden, who spoke from theory only, thought there was air enough.

In many stockades the men sleep together in one long room, sometimes in a huddle of straw on the floor, sometimes on rough cots, but in the best in swinging beds suspended from the roof, clearing the wall on all sides, so that they are airy and easily kept free from vermin.

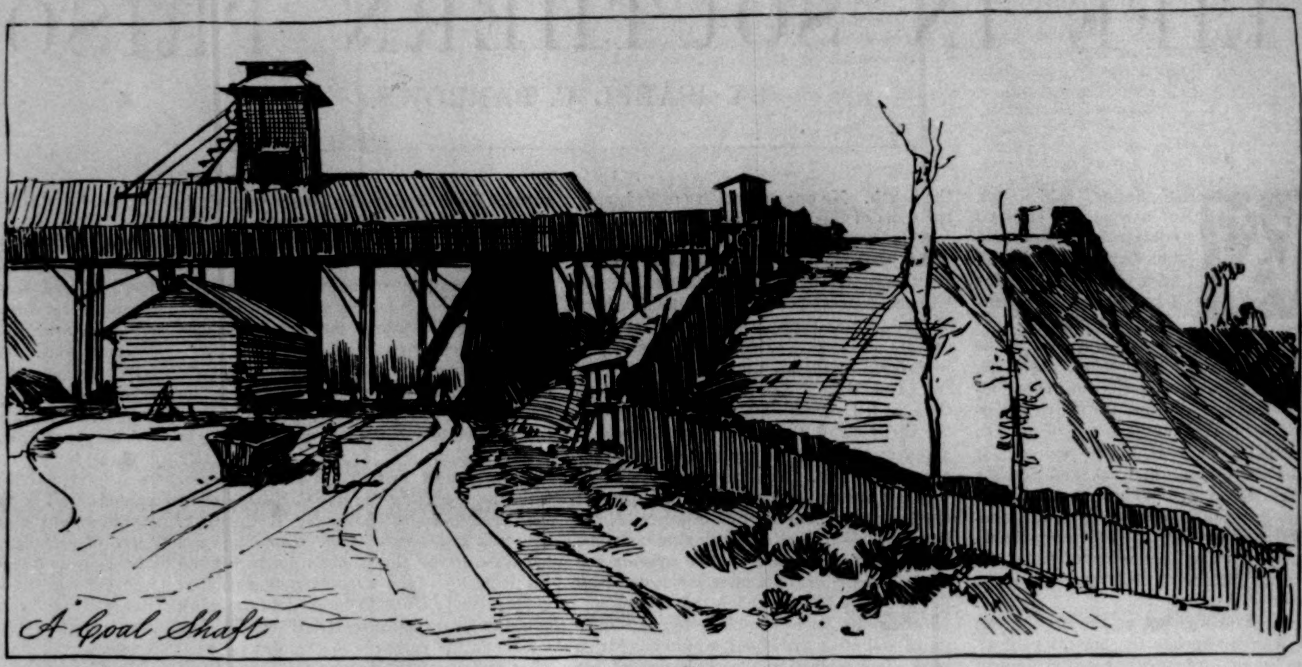
In the bath-room were eight huge tanks, supplied with hot and cold water, where every man is obliged to bathe when he comes at night from his black and dusty work. It is probably true, as the warden said, that the men—the majority, at least—were never so well fed, and at such regular intervals, never so well lodged, and certainly never so well washed, in their lives, as in this mountain stockade. Where, then, asks the average man, is the fault in the system? The first and most evident fault is that the system, in spite of these material advantages, is brutal in the strict sense of the word. There is not an intelligent stock-raiser in these very Southern States who does not provide as well for the physical wants of the brutes that he owns as the convict men of the State are provided for. The intelligent stock-raiser does more. He trains his horses and his mules to obedience, industry, and kindness. He sends them from his keeping better animals than when they came to him. There is not in the lease system, as generally practised, one feature that can induce penitence or reformation. Not only that, but the constant association of the young criminal with the vicious and hardened is demoralizing to the last degree. If they were all life-convicts the evil would not be so great, but, as soon as their time is out, this great body of men is scattered abroad through the community, to spread moral disease, before the virulence of which yellow-fever and the plague fade into insignificance. The fair-faced white boy of but seventeen, a prisoner for his first offence, who was taking his noon rest in an empty coke oven with two or three expert villains, listening to their exploits in crime, hardening his heart to all good influences, will next year be at large, and be a hero to his young companions, who in turn will hear the feverish stories from the convict camp. As a mere piece of economy the South will sooner or later have to do away with the lease system, and, for self-protection, organize reformatories for first offenders, and exercise her own guardianship over those seared with crime.

In Alabama schools have been established in one or two of the convict camps. Though still in a crude state, and but meagrely attended, they are the first ray of light that has dawned on the mental and spiritual darkness.

Female convicts in the South are treated in various ways. As a rule they are not sent to convict camps, but are kept within the walls of the penitentiary, where they do sewing and laundry-work, or sometimes take part in the industries of the prison, as in one where they paint the wheels to the wagons that are made to the number of sixty a day. In the Gulf States, where the women are almost without exception black, they are worked in the cotton field. In Alabama last summer they made three hundred bales of cotton—an employment to which they were accustomed, and which keeps them in better health than when shut up all the time within four walls. Convicts within the penitentiaries have the benefit of Sunday-schools and religious services, which are denied to those at the mines.

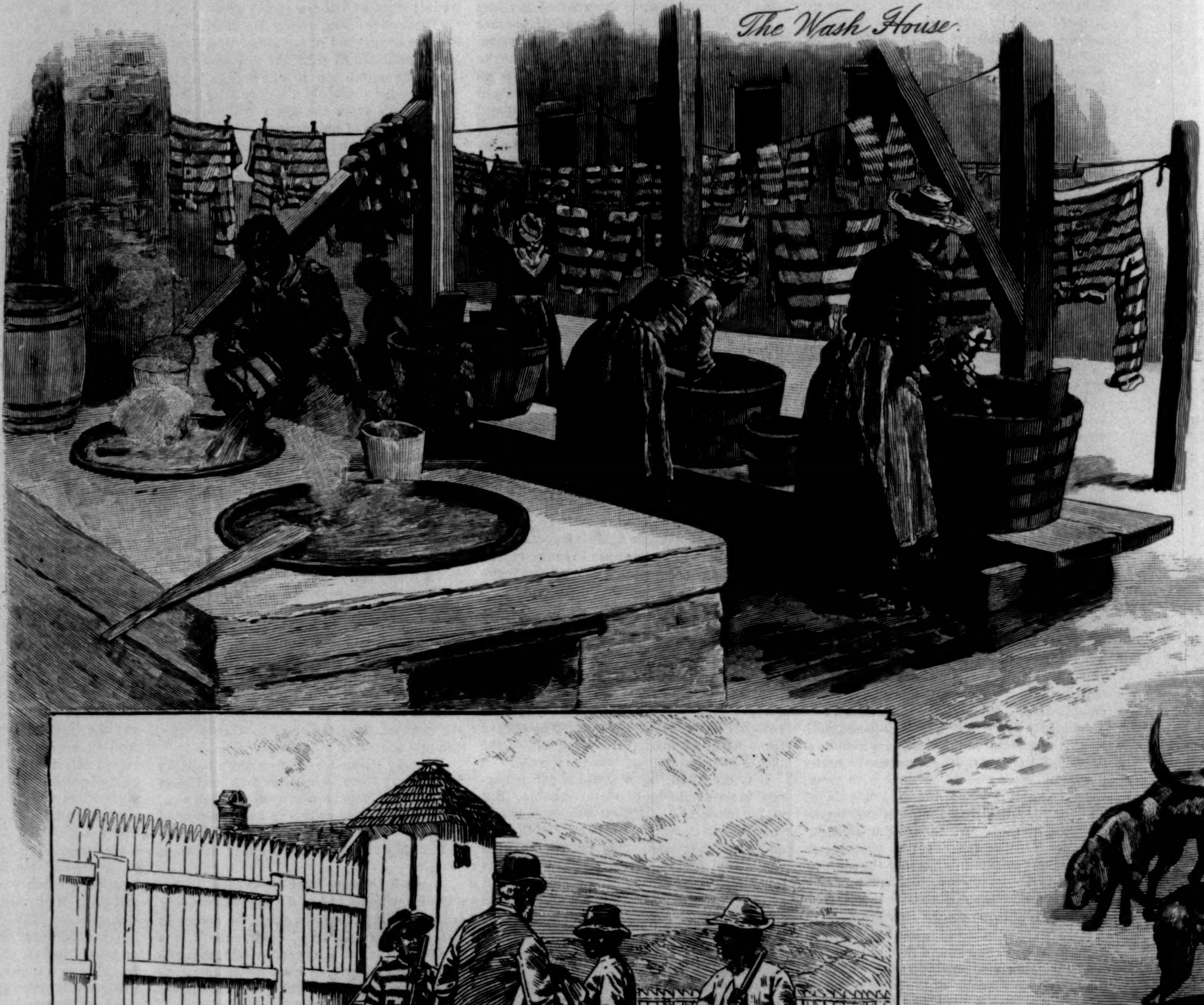
There is a third class of convicts, those leased not to great corporations which for their own reputation must treat the men with decency, but to planters and small manufacturers. These go out in squads of from seventy to a hundred, according to the laws of the different States, and sometimes in smaller numbers, where they are at the mercy of their masters. Of these the world knows little, but the stories of wrong and cruelty, of death and violence, that are occasionally bruited abroad from these isolated places convince one that the State that permits this usage is yielding to another the responsibility which she should hold in her own strong hand. The excuse of poverty can no longer hold. A new South has risen from the ashes of the old, and in her prosperity she should not forget the least of her children. One of the leading papers of the new South says in a recent editorial: "Labor is not legitimately a part of prison punishment. It only becomes such when the labor is surrounded by degrading conditions, such as chaining the convict and working him under the muzzle of a shot-gun. The inmates of prisons should be secured within high and strong walls, to remove all chance and incentive to escape, and then they should be worked *for their own good*, by way of teaching them steady habits of industry and learning how to make an honest living. Neither discipline without brutality or cruelty, nor regular training of prisoners, is possible under the barbarous Southern system."

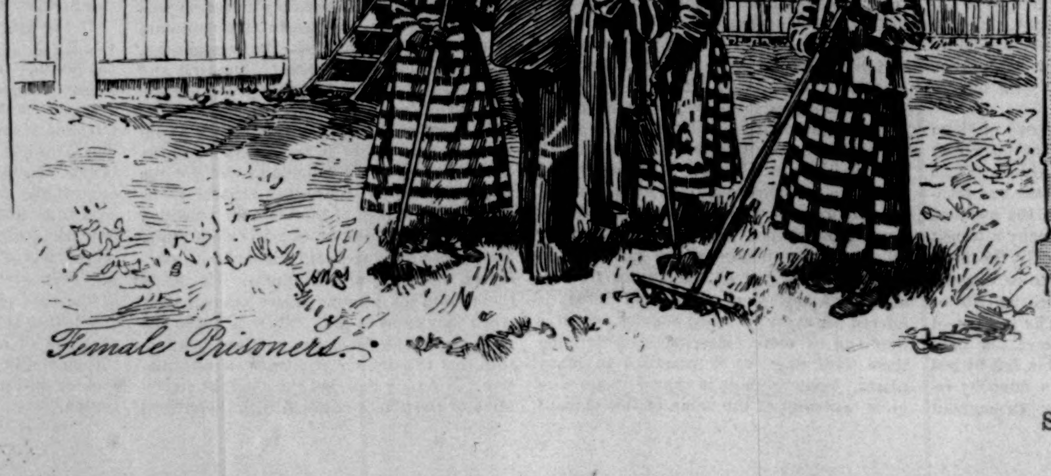
If the spirit of avarice do not prevent, this will soon be the wide-spread opinion of the South. It was heartily evidenced at the Prison Congress by prison officials from the States of Arkansas, Texas, Alabama, South Carolina, Kentucky, Georgia, and Tennessee. The National Prison Association is of great benefit to the community by affording an opportunity for such views from Southern men to be heard and to be spread broadcast. The last session in this respect, as in all others, was a success. It is the Southern men themselves who must settle this question of the care of criminals in their own land. The leaven is already at work. As Dr. Cunningham, of Alabama, said, "Those of us in the convict boat feel it begin to rock, and the rocking will not stop till all these things are settled."



A Coal Shaft

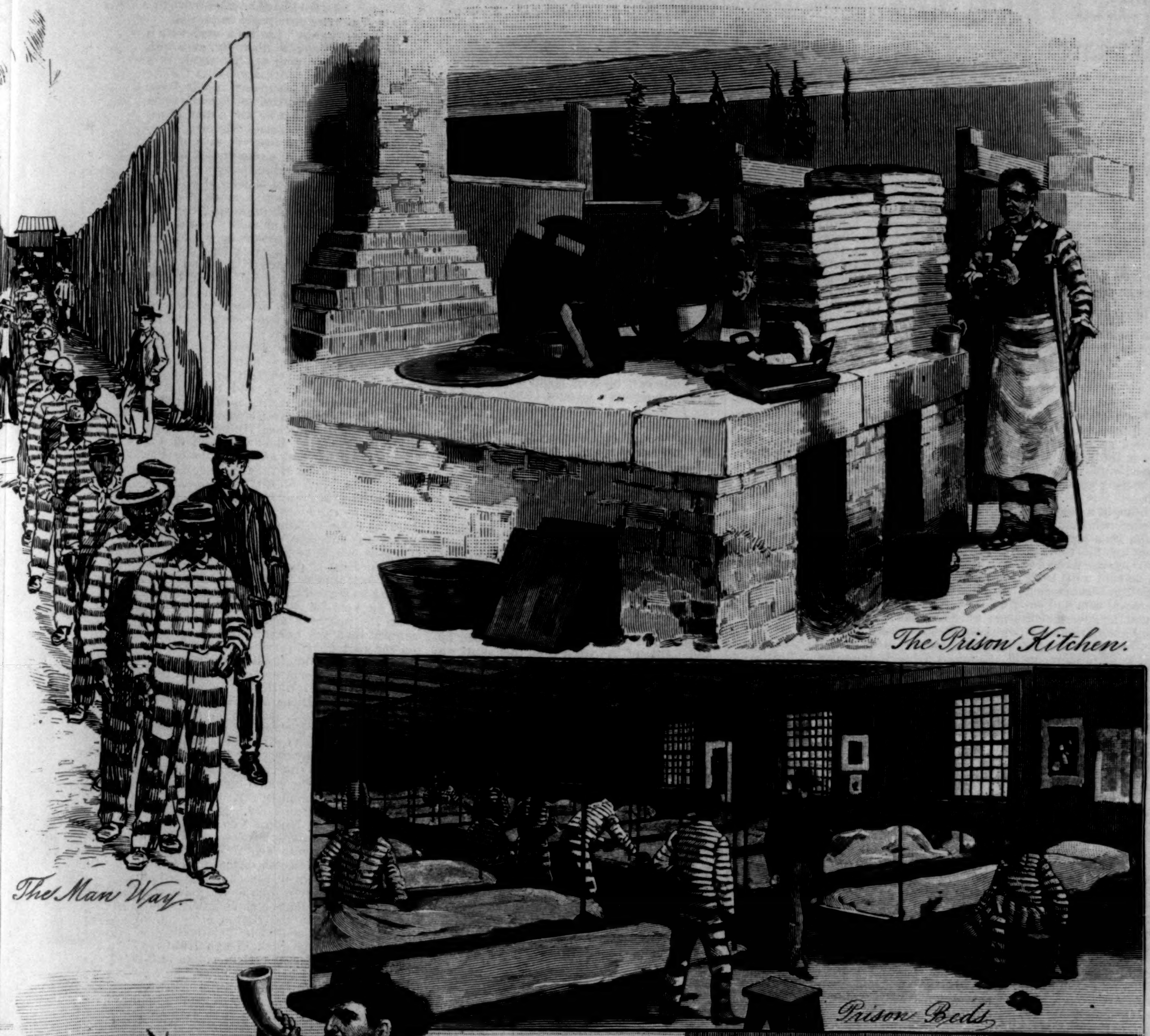
The Wash House





Female Prisoners.

SCENES OF PRISON LIFE IN TH



The Man Way

The Prison Kitchen.

Prison Beds

Master of the Hounds

THE SOUTH.—DRAWN BY JOHN DURKIN.

SUNSET CALM.

The dying sunbeams softly play
On fields of tawny grain;
The rabbit's housed beneath the bay
That skirts the scented lane.

No breeze the leaf to music wakes
In bowers green and cool;
No swallow's wing in circles breaks
The mirror of the pool.

No sheep-bell tinkles from the fold;
And in the lilac glow
That steals o'er nature's cloth of gold
The shadows longer grow,

And melt into the silence deep,
Unbroken as a dream,
That settles like a wreath of sleep
On crimsoned mead and stream.

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE HUNTED SOCIALIST.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Bismarck and Socialism commenced at the same time, 1863, to be a power in Germany, and the spread of the one has kept pace with the elevation of the other. Lassalle, who was killed in a disgraceful duel in 1864, first introduced Socialism as a system to the notice of the future Imperial Chancellor, who was favorably impressed by the philosophic views of the young aristocratic demagogue dreamer, and did much to give it the respectable position it has since enjoyed in the consideration not merely of the laboring classes, but of the universities as well.

The death of Lassalle brought a new man to the front named Schweitzer, who had been a lawyer in Frankfort, and soon succeeded in being elected President of the German Labor Party (Allgemeine Deutsche Arbeiterverein), a position which he held until 1872, when the growth of Socialism became such as to alarm the very Bismarck who had encouraged its beginnings, and the government set about means of putting a stop to its further increase.

Schweitzer was induced to betray the party he officially represented, and in 1875 was convicted publicly, by a member of the German Parliament, of having been in the employ of the police while at the same time inciting his deluded followers to expose themselves to criminal proceedings. The government, when indignantly taken to task for using such unworthy means of urging to breach of the law, answered coolly, through the ministerial mouth of Count Eulenberg (session of 1876), that this means was found convenient for the purpose of finding out what there was in Socialism; that this was a novel movement, the fruits of which had only shown themselves in the last year and a half. Officially, therefore, we may consider Socialism as dangerous to the German Empire only since 1874—at least such is the statement of a Bismarck mouth-piece.

So far the dread of Socialism was confined to the government, for the people at large had no other evidence of its evils than the fact that the Socialists in Parliament had been lacking in patriotism at the time of the war with France. In 1878, however, a young man named Hödel, who was, curiously enough, a member in good standing in the missionary society of the notorious jew-baiter Stöcker, made an attempt on the life of the late Emperor William. This act was promptly seized by Bismarck as a pretext for introducing a law granting exceptional powers to the police for the purpose of hunting down Socialists, which, however, Parliament declined to pass, holding that a general law would suffice. Fortunately for the Chancellor, however, within a few weeks another deluded youth, named Nobiling, made an attempt of a similar kind. He, as well as Hödel, was proud to have affiliation with the Socialist party, and popular sentiment was aroused against the system of politics which appeared to countenance assassination. As most of the newspapers of Germany were under more or less Bismarckian influence, this feeling was well stimulated by all manner of tales illustrating the wickedness of Socialists and the danger of allowing such people to exist within the borders of the father-land. It was argued that to be a Socialist was as bad as being a spy in the pay of a foreign country; that every Socialist, therefore, deserved to be looked upon as a public enemy and hunted down. This view, when supported by the weight of a Bismarck, found ready acceptance in quarters where the same doctrine from any other source would have sounded strangely harsh.

When public opinion had been properly warmed up, Bismarck dissolved Parliament; and, after a general election, had his bill passed with provisions even harsher than those at first contemplated. This special law for the suppression of Socialism, passed in 1878, was renewed in 1880, again in 1884, again in 1886, again in 1888, and expires by limitation on October 1st of this year (1890).

Its provisions are the prevention of all socialistic gatherings having for their object "the upsetting of the present order of society," a phrase that is open to numberless interpretations, for there is no policeman in Germany who would not regard a reduction of the military establishment as distinctly open to this construction, or, for that matter, the limitation of aristocratic privilege in any shape. All meetings must be held by consent of police, that some may be present in order to stop the proceedings at the first suspicious word. Nothing is to be printed that is likely to encourage socialistic views, and the police have the power not only to suppress the particular number of a periodical containing an obnoxious paragraph, but all subsequent ones as well, no matter what may be in readiness for them in the shape of manuscript material.

The hardness of this law is in its operation rather than its language, for it places large discretionary powers in the hands of policemen, who are not always qualified to judge in matters so delicate as political criticism. They have frequently stopped meetings for which the government had subsequently to make apologies, merely because the policemen present did not fully understand the bearing of the language used. And recently an important Berlin paper was forced to suspend publication for many days, and to stand the expense of a costly trial into the bargain, merely because the government had chosen to consider its criticism of a character in German history derogatory to the present Emperor. To be sure, the government lost the case, and the paper was vindicated in the eyes of the law, but property in printing-presses suffers very much where they may be arbitrarily stopped for an indefinite period without compensation. The effect of such treatment at Bismarck's hands is worth noting, for it illustrates a great teaching of history, namely, that errors of judgment cannot be extirpated except by free discussion and the general spread of intelligence. Bismarck, whose ideas of government have been derived principally from contact with professional soldiers and a very docile peasantry, has had no opportunity in his long and active life to note the slow but satisfactory growth of healthy public opinion in free countries, where the functions of the state are limited to the most necessary operations incident to preserving the peace and maintaining the national credit. The soldier, whose very education is a constant warning not to reason but obey, is impatient with legislation that is based upon the sense of the majority, for majorities are slowly educated.

Bismarck's drastic experiments for the extirpation of Socialism have been no more successful than might have been expected. Immediately after the Franco-Prussian war the votes cast for the socialistic candidate for the Reichstag, or House of Congress, were but 124,655, this being the first general election after the adoption of the present constitution. In 1877 this number had increased until it reached 493,288, but the next year fell off somewhat, owing to the horror universally felt for those that had attempted the life of William the Venerable; and the election of 1881 showed a still greater loss, the number being 311,961. But the brutal methods of police suppression, coupled with a system of legislation based upon socialistic theories—I refer to the compulsory insurance of workmen by the state—soon produced its legitimate fruit, and the election of 1884 showed that 549,990 votes had been cast in support of the doctrines of Lassalle. From this point on the increase has been unprecedented, the election of 1887 resulting in 763,128, and that of this year (1890) nearly one million and a half. The last Parliament included eleven Socialists; to-day's includes thirty-five. And this result has been produced not merely during the administration of Bismarck, but we may justly think by the indirect operation of the very means he has taken to prevent it.

His resignation occurred at a moment when the internal affairs of the country had been brought to a condition that excited and still excites much concern in the minds of intelligent Germans. Wide dissatisfaction exists amongst the laborers; enormous burdens are being carried by the people for the purpose of making the father-land invulnerable, and treasury officials are even wondering where the money is to come from to meet the new demands. The cost of living has been heightened by the duties placed upon foodstuffs, to that degree making more difficult the competition of Germany in the great labor market of the world. This is the moment chosen by the Iron Chancellor to resign—a moment admirably selected from the stand-point of personal comfort, for it is only now that the disastrous results of his paternal legislation are beginning to bear fruit.

The hunted Socialists are looking to the first of October with anxious minds. In England, Switzerland, and other countries are living men who at present are regarded even by non-socialists as next door to martyrs, and by Socialists themselves their influence is greatly magnified by the feeling that these exiles are sacrificing their worldly prospects in the cause of liberty. If the Emperor grants them a general amnesty, or at least permits the repeal of the present harsh law, he will, to be sure, remove an obstacle in the path of socialistic apostles, but at the same time he will call out energies for the combating of Socialism that are now suppressed. When Socialists cease to work underground, print their papers openly, and discuss their plans in public, the people at large will also begin the discussion. Those now enrolled as Socialists will for the first time see themselves as their neighbors see them, and not merely as the police do. The charm that always clings to secret societies even in the colleges will be lost when every foolish mind can make a display of its contents without police control. Sensible papers that to-day cannot engage in intellectual warfare with Socialism because government does not recognize any organ of this creed, would soon expose to ridicule the arguments on which much of its power is based. Bismarck may yet live to see that a little judicious liberty can do more to dissipate the poison of Socialism than all the police power which even he has been able to create.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

The monument that stands at the grave of George Frederick Cooke in the church-yard of St. Paul's, and that recently has been restored by Edwin Booth, was placed there by Edmund Kean in 1821. Cooke, a native of Westminster, London, born April 17, 1756, died in New York on September 26, 1812, and his body was laid in a tomb under the church, but nine years later the remains of the great actor were exhumed at the request and under the direction of Edmund Kean, and were placed in a grave in the middle of the church-yard, and then the monument was built. Edmund Kean's admiration for Cooke amounted almost to idolatry, and the interest that he manifested in this commemorative tribute was that of passionate zeal. Dr. Francis, in his book about *Old New York*, gives a particular account of this matter—the removal and reinterment of the body, the feelings and the conduct of the reverent tragedian, and the pious depredation that was committed on the corpse. Kean possessed himself of the bones of the forefinger of the right hand—that famous digit with which, in stage life, Cooke was accustomed to menace and terrify all beholders—while Dr. Francis took the skull. Kean's relic was conveyed to England, and it is related that he displayed it as an object of veneration upon his parlor mantel-piece, until his wife, disgusted with his frequent tipsy worship of this abhorred scrap of withering mortality, threw it from the window into an adjacent field, where it was lost. The skull is still extant, in the possession of one of the sons of Dr. Francis, resident in Rhode Island. One of the teeth from this skull was presented some time since to Edwin Booth, and this queer souvenir, artfully mounted upon a gold pin, is among the treasures that enrich the safe of curiosities in the Players' Club.

The monument was repaired in 1846 by Charles Kean, and again in 1874 by Edward A. Sothern. The restoration of it that has now been accomplished by Edwin Booth (May, 1890) shows thorough workmanship, and no doubt this interesting structure will successfully resist "the heat o' the sun and the furious winter's rages" for many years to come. It is a good deed that Mr. Booth has done, and it is one more of the many denotements that have been given by him of homage for genius and of tender humanity, of respect for his profession and of a fine and considerate public spirit.

George Frederick Cooke is a representative name in stage history. He is remembered with Garrick, Kemble, and Edmund Kean. He had seen Garrick, Macklin, and Henderson, and he was the connecting link between the Garrick period and the Kean period. Edmund Kean, in his earlier years, saw him act, and, as there is good reason to believe, derived benefit and an access of inspiration from the study of his acting. Cooke's professional methods were no doubt to some extent reminiscent of those of Garrick, Macklin, and Henderson, and they are still vital and potent upon our stage in the art of Edwin Booth. There is a lineage in acting, just as there is in literature, and Edmund Kean and the elder and the younger Booth are of the lineage of Cooke—Edwin Booth, however, possessing a spirituality and a refinement that in Cooke were almost unknown. Cooke seems to have been of a somewhat coarse fibre, or to have had a coarse streak in his nature; but he had the great manner. His biographer, William Dunlap, and subsequent writers about him have said much—in fact, far too much—about his intemperance in the use of stimulant drink. Cooke, it appears, could absorb a liberal quantity of alcoholic fluid, and quite often he got his fill, and more too; and upon this truth Mr. Dunlap insists with a pertinacity that at last becomes very tiresome. Cooke was a great actor notwithstanding his intemperance—as great an actor as it was in him to be; and although he would have been a better and a happier man if he had not been a drunkard, there is not the least reason to suppose that he would have been a better actor for always keeping himself sober. A sensible observation on this subject is that of Mr. William Robson, the "Old Play-goer," who seems to have known him well: "I do not think he [Cooke] would have excelled what he did if he had been a teetotaler, but he might have continued to do it, and have been always hailed with applause instead of sometimes being greeted with hisses. He went as high as nature intended him to go." Neither the plaudits nor the hisses signify anything now. The applauders and the hissers are alike dead and forgotten; but the colossal reputation of Cooke as an actor survives, and so does his influence in dramatic art, and nothing can shake them. Mr. Dunlap's book is valuable for what it contains as to Cooke's acting, but all that it says about his inebriety is read with impatience and contempt. Mr. Dunlap was Cooke's friend as well as his American manager, and if he had devoted his talents exclusively to the study and analysis of Cooke's acting, instead of dilating upon his general faults, in order to illustrate a platitude, he would have been more usefully as well as more generously employed.

The word "great" has been used with a somewhat too copious liberality, and with reference to many persons; but surely it is appropriately used when applied to Cooke. The contemporary testimony in his favor comes from many sources, and concurs upon the essential point that he was a man of extraordinary genius. Genest, who was an exceptionally competent observer, says of him: "He had a pure taste; a mind quick to conceive and combine; a discrimination unusually acute; an unrivalled manner of adhering to nature in his recitation; a mode of anticipating, extending, and improving the conception of his author; an ability to seize the perfect image of the person he would represent, so as to express every emotion as if that emotion was his own." Edmund Kean told N. P. Willis that in his opinion Cooke had never been excelled. John Howard Payne said of him that he was "a discoverer." There is much more evidence to the same effect—some of it given with reservations that only serve to augment its force—which the reader who is desirous of inspecting it may find conveniently arranged in a compendious, judicious, and useful book about the actors and actresses of Great Britain and the United States, edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton, and published in 1886 by Messrs. Cassell & Co. Cooke acted in what are called the provincial cities of Great Britain during the first twenty-four years of his professional life, not reaching the dignity of a London appearance till he came out there in 1800; and in 1810 he came to America, where soon his career was miserably and mournfully ended. There is enough to grieve over in the story if the moralist so prefer; but nobody could grieve over it more than Cooke himself did, or with such good reason. Meanwhile wherever he went he gathered golden opinions from the judges of acting. But more significant than any asseverations of approval on the part of critical observers of Cooke's art are various illuminative facts about specific performances of his that here and there creep into the record. His best achievements, it appears, were Richard the Third, Sir Giles Overreach, Shylock, and Sir Pertinax McSycophant. As Richard he excelled John Philip Kemble. As Sir Giles he was never equalled, except by the elder Booth. As Sir Pertinax he was superior even to the original, old Macklin (by whom the part was both written and embodied); and in fact he was never equalled by anybody. Cooke told Dr. Francis that he studied two years and a half, with frequent intercourse with Scotch society, in order to acquire the requisite command of the Scotch dialect for Sir Pertinax. His aspect in the character is indicated by an effigy of him as the grim, obsequious, rascally old Scotchman, that stands, or once stood, in the Boston Museum, arrayed in the dress that he habitually wore when playing that part. Leigh Hunt says that Cooke's voice at certain points in this performance—a "retreating voice," he calls it—seemed to become lost in the man's exquisite enjoyment of his own malice, and he adds that it appeared as if he were wrapping himself in velvet. The unique strength of Cooke lay in his expression of the malignant passions, whereas Edmund Kean, who to some extent vied with him in Richard and Sir Giles, excelled in the pathetic—in Othello and the Stranger. Mr. Fladgate, the father of the Garrick Club, who perfectly well remembers the Kemble and Kean days, says that the nearest approach to a perfect performance that was ever made by Edmund Kean was made as Sir Edmund Mortimer, which is essentially a character of pathos. Cooke made no especially distinctive impression in parts of that order. He needed occasions of grim humor, of sardonic sarcasm, of specious menace, of baleful guile, or of downright savage ferocity. In the course of his long experience (he was on the stage from 1776 till his death) he had played all sorts of parts, from Young Marlowe and Harry Dornton to Hamlet and Jaques, from Falstaff and O'Brallaghan to Zanga and Lear; but, like every other actor, he presently found the one thing that he could do superlatively well, and he wisely restricted himself to the line that suited him. Shylock and Iago were among his special characters; Richard was his favorite. His long hooked nose, uncommonly broad between the eyes—which were dark and piercing and full of fire—his lofty broad forehead and flexible brows, his penetrating voice, his formidable aspect, his authority of manner, and his perfectly natural delivery of all language, verse as well as prose, combined to fit him for these characters, and, indeed, for all characters that pre-eminently call for boldness and brilliancy in their expression. Probably the very quality in his temperament—a certain delirious abandonment—that led to his reckless excess in conviviality was the secret of his power in those impassioned and often terrible characters. This type of man, however, has pretty nearly faded from the stage, and so likewise have most of the parts in which he once was famous. The loss from stage literature of such persons as Pescara and Ludovico and Sir Giles is not to be regretted; but it would be a great day for the stage when it should hear again such a voice and see again such a face as that of George Frederick Cooke.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

THE PRESENT CRISIS AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

NOTE.—The following article, written before the occurrence of the recent stirring events in the Argentine Republic, will be found a most seasonable contribution to the understanding of the nature of the pending revolution, and of its probable sequel.—EDITOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

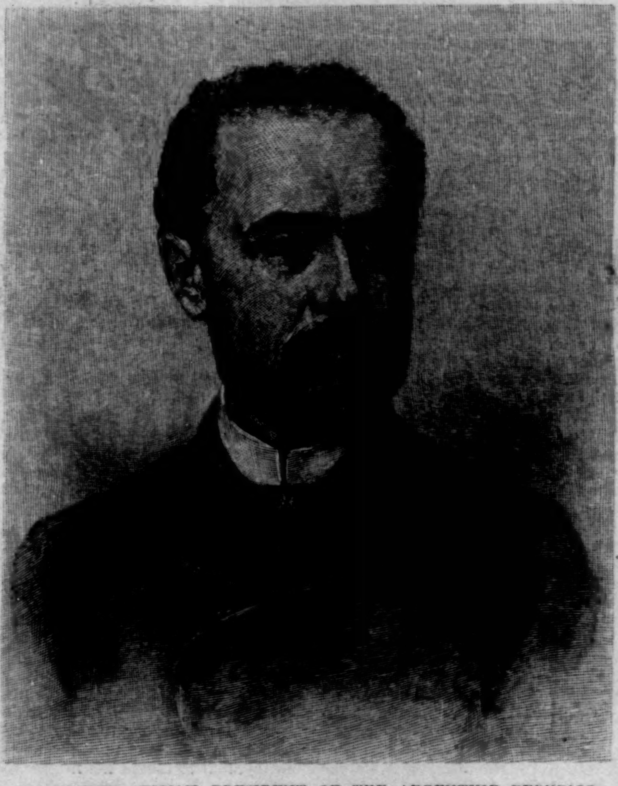
FEW of the visitors who saw the numerous and brilliant pavilions of the South-American republics at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 had, I imagine, other than the vaguest ideas concerning the whereabouts, the real aspect, the political, commercial, and social features, of the countries in question. These pavilions themselves, so diversified in their architecture, and so similar in their contents, imparted in turn only vague ideas. In all of them the same distribution might have been remarked. In the place of honor was exhibited the portrait of a dark-skinned parvenu President, in most cases a military person dressed in a gorgeous general's uniform, and looking like a sturdy sergeant whose sudden rise to high fortune had put a heavy strain upon his limited intelligence. Under the eye of this administrator were displayed bags of coffee and cocoa; tobacco; cereals; bales of wool; tanned hides; saddlery, ornamented with a profusion of silver-work; specimens of timber; samples of gold, silver, and copper ores; collections of tropical fauna, reptiles, and insects; a few photographs; tables of bewildering statistics — the whole giving the impression of a new world inviting the activity of the children of the old one; of an exuberant and unkempt world, where nature still dominated man, and where the vegetation of the primeval forests, radiant and irresistible with interlaced roots and monstrous tendrils, covers and smothers the soil, rendering it hirsute and unconscious.

Chief amongst the South-American pavilions was the vast and luxurious palace of the Argentine Republic, whose crystal dome with blue stripes, and whose walls of dazzling faience incrusted with immense *cabochons* of colored glass, attracted all eyes, and challenged attention like a huge chromolithographic advertisement. At night, when electricity illuminated the jewelled splendor of its walls, this palace evoked souvenirs of the *Arabian Nights*. The interior ornamentation, too, was equal to the exterior; painted windows and frescoes signed by the most famous French artists adorned the walls within which were displayed the agricultural, sylvan, and mineral products of the republic, whose limitless domains were represented on an enormous relief plan placed at the head of the staircase, and surrounded with formidable columns of statistics. What wealth! what immensity! what unparalleled rapidity of development! Within ten years, it appeared from the stupendous statistical tables exhibited on the walls, the population of the Argentine Republic had increased from two and a half millions to four millions; the exterior commerce, from 400 millions of francs to 1200 millions; the railway system, from 1950 kilometres to 7500 kilometres. The capital, Buenos Ayres, which ten years ago had about 200,000 inhabitants, has now nearly half a million. A new town, La Plata, which did not exist even in embryo seven years ago, now boasts countless palaces and 60,000 inhabitants. The United States of North America never advanced so rapidly as this. What a wonderful country this must be! Such was the burden of my souvenirs and reflections when, on December 17, 1889, I went on board the *Paraguay*, bound from Havre to Buenos Ayres, with the intention of seeing something of the Argentine and of other South-American republics. Plans of travel, programmes of study, systems of observation, theories, views, or prejudices found no place in my baggage. I knew as little about South America as most people who have learned geography from books and maps alone. I started full of curiosity, artless, ingenuous, trustful even, except in the matter of statistics. On this point, I confess, I had prejudices; the tabular statements of the Champ de Mars had failed to convey to my mind any clear ideas about South America. The much-vaunted eloquence of figures had only filled me with weariness. In my own observations I would therefore avoid the snares and pitfalls of graphics and curves and arithmetical puzzles; I would simply go and see men and things in these distant lands, talk with natives and foreigners, and record carefully, in as luminous prose as my pen could command, such impressions as it might be my good fortune to receive. With this resolution I took up my quarters on the *Paraguay*, belonging to the French company of Les Chargeurs Réunis, and armed myself with patience to endure a sea-voyage of twenty-three days and upward of six thousand miles.

We started on a dull, cold, wintry evening, with the consoling prospect of soon reaching warm latitudes, and of arriving at our destination at the other end of the Western Hemisphere in the height of the midsummer heat. It was dark when the ship weighed anchor and steamed slowly out of dock past the splendid panorama of the town lighted with garlands of gas lamps, and dotted here and there along the quays with red, blue, and green lanterns, and dazzling electric globes that fling long and rippling sheets of white reflections over the glossy black waters. In the confusion of departure there is not much to be noted. We all have our thoughts elsewhere than on board, and it was not until the next morning that I was able to inspect the ship and her human load. The *Paraguay*, 3500 tons, had her full complement of passengers and emigrants, who numbered, together with the crew, about five hundred souls in all. She carried also some thirty carriage-horses, including six magnificent Anglo-Normans addressed to the Governor of the province of Cordoba, and accompanied by a tall, bony, red-faced Norman, who had trained them to run *à la* Daumont in six weeks, and who was very anxious to land them safely on the other side. "*Ce sera un grand succès pour moi, monsieur*," he said. "My colleagues will say, '*Ce Pelletier, a-t-il de la chance!*'"

In the course of the day I became acquainted with those of the first-class passengers who were not suffering from sea-sickness or influenza. With few exceptions they were Argentines, and several of them had held official positions in connection with the Paris Exhibition. However, as the wind continued high during the first four days of the voyage, and the ship rolled heavily, there was not much opportunity for conversation, but on the fifth day out the weather became soft and spring-like, the ladies appeared at table, and in the afternoon the French and Italian emigrants on the fore-deck were dancing to the sounds of an accordion. Henceforward all went on gayly and happily between eating, sleeping, novel-reading, card-playing, conversation, loafing, and basking in the sun. On December 24th we reached Teneriffe, and while the ship was taking in coal we went on shore, breakfasted, took a walk through the picturesque little town and the lovely gardens of the environs, full of orange-trees laden with golden fruit, bananas, roses and other brilliant flowers, behind which rise hills covered with green velvety vegetation and dotted with white houses. This vision of charming fertility, and tranquil, unambitious felicity, made a pleasant interruption in our voyage, which was resumed at three in the afternoon, when we steamed away, watching the changing silhouettes of the islands and the grand snow-capped peak of Teneriffe, that remained in view until darkness enveloped it. At night a new panorama met our eyes. The deep violet sky was studded with countless stars; the horizon formed a clearly defined circle, in the centre of which was the ship, vaulted over with the spangled cupola of the firmament; to the right the slender crescent of the new moon shed a silvery glow over the dark waves. As the ship glided along with panting engines the view from the stern was grandiose. On the foremast all sail was spread, and formed a dead black mass against the sky; the other masts and rigging stood out in sharp black outline; the decks were all in darkness except a glare that rose from the skylights of the engine-room. Thus, night after night, the *Paraguay* steamed onward in solitude, her black sails swelling proudly against the dark blue-black sky studded with brilliantly glittering stars that seemed closer than they appear in more northern climes.

Day after day and night after night we continued our voyage without incident across the watery waste, through the tropics and out of the tropics; and day by day my surprise increased as I talked with my Argentine fellow-passengers, who were unanimous in declaring the national and provincial governments, the national and provincial banks, the municipalities, and everything connected with the administration of the country, to be full of corruption and thievery. "Our towns," they told me, "abound in men who have suddenly become rich, and whose only desire is to make an ostentatious display of their ill-gotten gains. Witness all the horses we have on board, notably the six for the Governor of Cordoba. That man is a mere *gaucho*, a peasant, an ignorant brute. He has heard that in Europe people drive four-in-hand *à la* Daumont. 'Very good,' he says; 'I will drive a carriage and six;' and we have the carriage and six on board, and the liveries and the Louis XV. wigs for the postilions. This Governor of Cordoba is the brother of the President of the Republic, Dr. Juarez Celman, who had not a penny when he came into office in 1886, and who now has a fortune of more than ten millions sterling safely deposited in the Bank of England."



DR. JUAREZ CELMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

One of the lady passengers, Madame X., a French woman who, I am told, keeps a fashionable store at Buenos Ayres, is very severe in her criticisms of the native women, whose toilets have no secrets for her. She tells me that the women have no domestic qualities, that the trying on of a new dress reveals fearful neglect of all that is not outside show, that the luxury of fine linen is not appreciated, and I know not what besides. Finally Madame X., who professes a great admiration for Alfred de Musset, and affects romantic airs in spite of her pronounced mustache, winds up her lamentation with the regret that intellectual life is entirely wanting in Buenos Ayres, and adds that the men are *mal élèves*, and think too much of themselves.

Another passenger who interested me was a venerable Spanish gentleman, who, I was informed, has lived thirty years in the Argentine, and now acts as financial inspector in the interests of some Parisian bankers who have large stakes in the Argentine. This gentleman was in the habit of delivering a moral and economical discourse every morning between eight and nine o'clock, and the burden of his sermon, which was invariably approved by all the Argentines on board, was the immorality of the population of the republic, encouraged and countenanced by the cynicism and immorality of the government. Salvation can come only from an honest government. Meanwhile, as it is, everybody wants to make money rapidly, everybody speculates, and everybody lies. For those who have any delicacy, any conscience, any commercial morality, Buenos Ayres is no place. During the past fifteen years the present crisis has been in preparation. The directors of the national and provincial banks, who have been and still are scampish politicians, have speculated with the funds of the banks, using the deposits as a political treasury when necessary, and as a private treasury whenever there was a stroke of business to be done. The curse of the Argentine is politics, inasmuch as the whole object of the politicians is to make their fortunes while they are in office. The great danger for the republic is the cessation of immigration through want of confidence. All this depreciatory and alarming talk of the financial agent was corroborated by his Argentine listeners, who each and all had instances to relate in illustration of this and that abuse. Indeed, from morning until night these Argentines talked about nothing but politics and finance and the price of gold. "But why do you not do something?" I asked them. "Are you not citizens of a republic? Are you not voters? Have you no political organization? To judge from the accounts you give me, your President, Juarez Celman, ought to have been impeached long ago, and half your political men lynched." To these inquiries I failed to obtain any satisfactory answer, but remained with a vague impression that the Argentine Republic must, after all, be nothing more nor less than a hydra-headed despotism. How strange! And how little had the polychrome pavilion of the Champ de Mars, with its ostentation of progress and riches, prepared me for this idea! However, it would be foolish to anticipate. In a few days I would be able to judge for myself. Doubtless my Argentine fellow-passengers were exaggerating the evils of their country, I said to myself; the more so as while they speak evil of the government they are loud in the praise of the natural wealth and countless charms of the country, and especially of Buenos Ayres, whose streets, parks, theatres, promenades, public buildings, social life, and material organization, they assure me, are as fine, and in many respects even finer, than those of Paris. But on this point I am inclined to be sceptical, for these very Argentines have told me that it is a characteristic of the *gaucho*, or native peasant, to be astonished at nothing, and to remain unmoved in the belief that the Argentine Republic is the grandest and finest country in the world. To judge from conversation with many of the young Argentines on board who have been visiting Europe for the first time, and making the tour of the great cities and show-places of the Old World, I am inclined to believe that the more cultivated of them are very much like the rustic *gaucho*—nothing can astonish them.

At last, on January 7th, we noticed that the water was no longer of the deep violet-blue color that we had contemplated for so many days, but rather of a greenish tone, indicating that we were approaching our journey's end. The next morning, January 8th, we woke up at daybreak to find the water of a brownish-yellow shade, and full of the sand of the vast Rio de la Plata, which discolors the ocean for many leagues beyond the entrance of the estuary. Soon the sand dunes of the coast of Uruguay became visible, then some low hills, and in the distance round-topped mountains of barren aspect, forming a dismal landscape of yellow and black masses, with a cold blue sky overhead and an expanse of dirty brown water in the foreground. "On voit bien que c'est un pays sauvage!" exclaimed one of the Parisian emigrants, when he caught this first glimpse of the South-American Continent, and without stating the elements on which he based this hasty judgment, he turned his back to the El Dorado and resumed his game of cards. Gradually, as we advanced, signs of life appeared on the shore, white homesteads and cattle, then the town of Maldonado, with its light-house, and at last the cerro or hill at the foot of which is the bay and town of Montevideo. The panorama is charming seen from the point where the ship anchors, fully two miles from the shore, in the roads crowded with vessels from all parts of the world. To the left is the hill crowned with a fort, then the bay full of small craft, and to the right the old town, covering with a white mass of houses, towers, and cupolas the slopes of a turtle-back peninsula. The situation of the town is admirable, and seen from a distance it has something of an Oriental aspect. Here I left the *Paraguay*, which had to remain at least forty-eight hours to discharge cargo, and which, like all the ocean steamers, would in any case anchor in the river fifteen miles from Buenos Ayres. It is far more convenient to proceed from Montevideo to the Argentine capital on one of the river steamers, the more so as these steamers now enter the dock, and passengers are able to step directly on shore without being subjected to the disagreeable process of transshipment by means of small boats or of carts, as was still the case when I reached the country for the first time.

After spending a few days at Montevideo, then in the height of the bathing season, I took passage on one of the steamers of the Platense Flotilla Co., which holds a practical monopoly of the navigation between Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, and of the rivers Paraná, Paraguay, and Uruguay. These steamers—large side-wheel ships built in Glasgow, with light draught of water and canoe-shaped ends, expressly devised for navigating in rivers full of sand-banks and shallows—are anchored at a distance of a few hundred feet from the quay, but as Montevideo, although one of the greatest commercial ports of the world, does not yet possess a decent pier or docks or any conveniences for passengers, tribute has to be paid to porters and boatmen, who row you to the foot of the inadequate gangway of the steamer. Having secured my berth in a very small cabin, I proceeded to examine the ship, although the narrowness of the lobbies and passages makes circulation difficult, especially when they are crowded with people—correctly dressed men, and many striking women and girls wearing showy clothes, and much occupied with their own beauty. Threading my way leisurely through the throng, and pestered at every turn by bawling newspaper boys, who cry, "*La Tribuna, La Razon, El Dia! Quiere un diario, patron?*" I observe that some few cabins are roomy and neatly fitted up; the saloons are enriched with an exuberance of mirrors and gilding; the dining table is laid with a certain display of glass, plate, and glassware, and in each napkin is placed a dainty button-hole bouquet. The *menu* cards also are remarkable for their wealth of chromo-lithography and gilding. The panels of the dining-room are painted in a manner which bears witness to the influence of æsthetic Hampstead on modern Scotch decorative art. Throughout the ship is lighted by electricity, and in every available spot is written the motto of the company, "Res, non verba." I was soon enabled to ascertain, however, that the Platense Company does not live up to its motto in the serving of dinner. The table is showy, the *menu* is full of the names of pretentious dishes, but there is very little material food, and that little is poor in quality and badly prepared. The service too is execrable. The waiters prance round the table, and throw bits of food on the plates just as they might do if they were feeding wild beasts in a menagerie. Subsequent experience on many occasions confirmed my first impressions. The Platense boats offer fair accommodation, and doubtless as good as the average passenger in those waters deserves, but they cannot be compared for roominess, comfort, and well-ordained service with the North-American river steamers, or with the new ships of the Chilian and English companies on the Pacific coast. These steamers, plying between Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, a distance of 120 miles, start from each port between five and seven o'clock in the evening, and arrive early the following morning. The journey being performed by night, there is no scenery to be admired. For that matter navigation in La Plata resembles navigation on the sea, the river being 40 leagues broad at its mouth, and eight leagues broad at the level of Buenos Ayres, so that as soon as you lose sight of the port and hill of Montevideo, illuminated with the glow of sunset, you find yourself in an apparently limitless expanse of brown water, on which may be seen floating here and there patches of weeds, lilies, and even trees that form floating islands, or *camalote*, as the native name has it. The next morning you arrive at Buenos Ayres, the ship is moored to the quay of the South Darsena, and a two-horse carriage conveys you and your luggage in half an hour to the heart of the greatest capital of South America. Thanks to the recent opening of the new dock, all the worry and danger of landing in small boats and in water-carts at the old Passenger Mole have become ancient history. The Passenger Mole has been demolished, and the brigandish boatmen forced to find some other occupation. In short, passengers can now land without risk of life or limb, and the only brigands against whom they have to battle are the coachmen.

On arriving at Buenos Ayres in January, 1890, I found the commercial life of the city paralyzed by a financial crisis, for which I had been prepared by the conversation of my Argentine passengers on board the *Paraguay*, and in the hope that the situation would improve in the course of a few months I traversed the Argentine Republic *viâ* Rosario, Villa Mercedes, and Mendoza, and crossed over the mountains into Chili. At Mendoza, where I made some stay, I had the good fortune to discover several acquaintances, and with their help I was able to penetrate a little into the provincial life of the republic. These men were owners of vineyards and cattle-breeders, these being the two chief industries of the province; the vineyards, I was informed, pay a profit of twenty-five per cent. on the invested capital, and the profits on cattle exported to Chili and Bolivia are still higher. But what struck me particularly in many of these men was their indifference as regards everything except the pecuniary results of their industry: the vine-growers leave their vineyards entirely in the hands of French and Italian hired superintendents, and the cattle-breeders intrust the management of their *estancias*, or farms, to a man who receives a salary of $100 a month and a small percentage on products. The owners prefer to spend their time and money in Mendoza or Buenos Ayres, and the dream of many is to make periodical visits to Paris. They are also eager to profit by the advantages for speculation offered by the Banco Hipotecario. At Mendoza, as also in the capitals of the other important provinces, there are three banks, the Banco de la Provincia and branches of the Banco Nacional and the Banco Hipotecario, the former being identified with the opposition party and working with local capital, and the other two being national institutions identified with the party in power. The Governor of the province and all his political friends, I was informed, are able to obtain abundant credit at the Banco Nacional, and with the funds thus acquired they speculate on their own account, engage in all kinds of enterprises, and having started without a cent they become rich in a few years, thus following the high example of their lord and master, the President, Dr. Juarez Celman. As for the Banco Hipotecario, any one who is on the right side in politics gets mortgages granted on the mere show of title-deeds, without any measures being taken to verify his statements.

A curious instance of the intermixture of politics and business was that very Hôtel Club Social, where I lodged at Mendoza. It had recently been sold for an enormous sum to a syndicate of half a dozen men, who were all active politicians, and the consequence was that both the restaurant and the bar were monopolized by the numerous political friends of the various proprietors, who ate and drank on credit. For that matter, it appeared that almost everybody in Mendoza was living on credit; in the whole province, with its 110,000 inhabitants, there was not one million dollars of paper in circulation, and nowhere was money rarer than in the banks. It was in vain that the depositors presented their checks. "We cannot pay to-day," replied the cashier; "next week, perhaps, we may have some money." As for the local railways, freights were at an impossible figure, owing to the high rate of gold, and furthermore the rolling stock was insufficient to transport the merchandise which sometimes remained six months *en route* between Rosario and Mendoza, and often disappeared entirely, being either lost or stolen.

In the political world the scandals are innumerable. I was informed not many months ago an armed attack was made upon the Governor's house at the instigation of the President of the Republic, and a regular *coup d'état* accomplished in virtue of Dr. Juarez Celman's pretensions to be an autocratic ruler, and to control even the remotest villages of the republic. One Sunday while I was in Mendoza half a dozen men assembled in front of the Governor's house, and fired several volleys with revolvers. This manifestation was not even noticed by the local newspapers. All these stories and incidents seem incredible, but they are, unfortunately, true, and quite mild and innocent compared with the state of affairs which I afterward found in the provinces of Cordoba, Corrientes, Entre Rios, and Buenos Ayres itself. However, having at that time recently arrived, and having hitherto lived only in civilized and well-policed countries, I remained in mute astonishment in presence of the financial chaos, and the administrative corruption and anarchy which I afterward found to be universal in the Argentine Republic.

On my return to Buenos Ayres, in the month of May, I found the state of public affairs worse than ever. The financial crisis was daily increasing in intensity; the cynicism of the administration was more evident than ever; gold was rising and rising, and not a day passed without the revelation of some fresh scandal. And yet no measures were taken; the newspapers were full of violent articles, except such of them as receive subventions from the government; individuals were loquacious and bitter in their condemnation of the executive power; business men were loud in their lamentations, and yet nothing was done. One day, at the instigation of the Union Civica, twenty thousand men assembled in front of the President's palace, but for want of leaders the manifestation was abortive, and ended in the ignominious imprisonment of a few idlers. Another day an honorable Senator denounced before the Upper House various clandestine issues of paper-money on the part of the Banco Nacional and the banks of Cordoba and Catamarca, accused the government of forging national paper, and revealed flagrant violation of the law in connection with the circulation of some twenty millions of dollars. The next day the executive power described this sum as insignificant, explained that the clandestine issues were necessary to save the situation, and sent to the Congress Hall a decree legalizing the whole scandal, which decree the obedient Chamber of Deputies voted with unanimity. Then the executive power, finding that the revenues were decreasing, proposed the payment of the customs dues half in gold. The obedient Chamber voted the decree immediately, and the following week it came into force with retroactive power. And yet nobody took the initiative in energetic protestation; the commercial men did not dream of uniting together to protect their own interests and those of the republic. Although there were no signs of reform or of profiting by past lessons, although immigration was diminishing and emigration increasing to an alarming extent, although the laws of the country were lightly set at naught by hasty decrees, although the Argentine was being led on to final and inevitable bankruptcy by the incapacity and dishonesty of its administrators, the citizens remained apathetic, embruted, inert; the cynical President continued to remit his gains to the Bank of England, and the erudite and patriotic General Bartolomé Mitre, about to start for Europe, nevertheless declared to the thousands of frantic admirers who accompanied him to the steamer that there is no spot on the earth where one can live better than in the Argentine Republic. Truly I began to think that the Argentines were crazy and their republic an enormous mad-house.

In this same critical month of May I had the satisfaction of being present at the opening of Congress in Buenos Ayres, and of hearing the President read his message, which was naturally expected with much curiosity. The ceremony, however, did not attract so large a crowd as might have been expected. On the Plaza Victoria, between the Palacio de Gobierno and the queer little Congress Hall, infantry troops were drawn up in line, artillerymen with loose baggy red trousers, cadets from the military college of Palermo—all looking soldierly, neatly dressed in uniforms closely resembling those of the French, and commanded by gorgeously arrayed generals, bristling with gold braid and attended by numerous aides-de-camp mounted on fiery steeds. The interior architecture and want of adornment of the Congress Hall suggest at once a cockpit and an English Methodist chapel. The room was soon filled; in the galleries were the spectators, mostly stock-brokers and speculators; on the floor were the representatives of the diplomatic corps in their special box, the Ministers, the Senators, and the Deputies; and at a tribune of mahogany with a green leather top the President and Vice-President took their seats, both in full dress, the former wearing across his bosom, *en bandoulière*, a blue and white striped sash, with the golden badge of office. About half only of the Senators and Deputies wore evening dress. The President, Dr. Juarez Celman, is a young-looking, slender man, easy and even elegant in his bearing, with clean-cut features, an expression of subtle intelligence, careful in his dress, his blond hair and beard closely trimmed. There is something in Dr. Juarez Celman suggestive of the Parisian club-man who is expert in handling the foils, experienced in the ways of the world, full of nerve and resource, but absolutely without illusions or scruples. Such a man I had figured to myself the character of Paul Astier in Alphonse Daudet's novel *L'Immortel*. Compared with the heads of the majority of the Senators and Deputies, and of some of the military personages present, whose facial angles were alarming, the head of Dr. Juarez Celman was conspicuously that of a man whose superior intelligence enables him to dominate his fellows. The President read his long message admirably, with clear and equable pronunciation, and presented the state of affairs plausibly, with a wealth of figures, millions after millions of *pesos*, and column after column of additions, characteristic of the statistical bent of the Argentines, and at the same time with an abundance of minute detail characteristic of himself. President Celman's ambition is to extend his authority to the remotest hamlet of the republic, and to allow no person and no incident to escape his notice and his control.

The message summed up the situation very plausibly. "The financial difficulties," he said, "which were beginning at the close of the last Congressional period have increased in intensity, assuming the character of a commercial and economical crisis, which has affected stocks, restricted the use of credit, made objects of consumption dear, and even awakened alarm and want of confidence. . . . The country," he added, "needs the united efforts of all, of the authorities and of the people, in order to surmount this barrier which has appeared in the path of its progress."

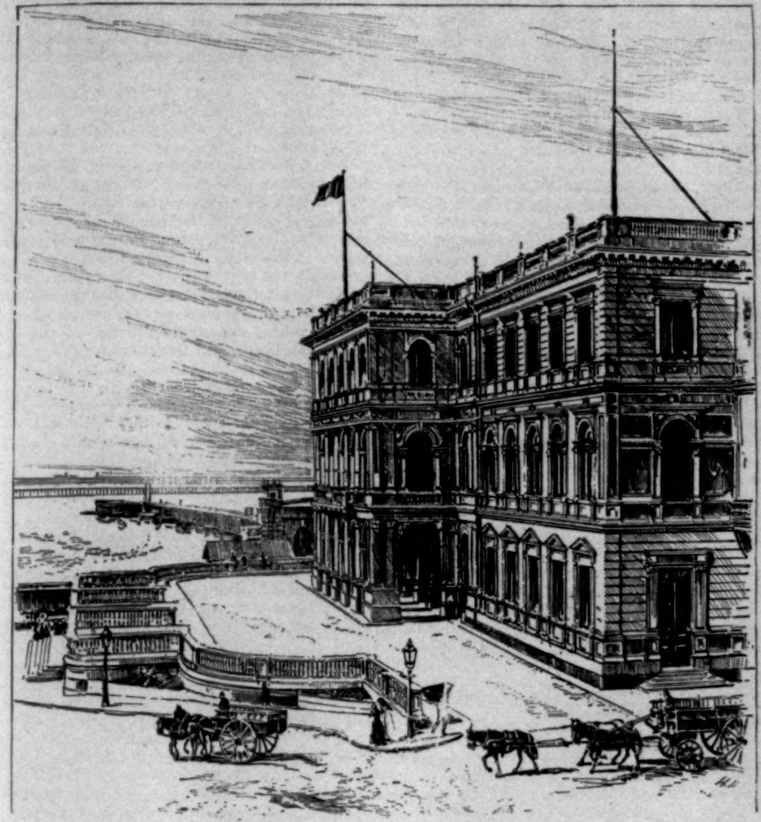
The causes of the crisis were explained by the President in the following words: "The vertiginous rapidity of our progress, the excessive expansion of credit and its abuses, extreme speculation in agio, in joint-stock companies, in the price of land, and in the creation of bogus affairs, are the causes that have determined the evil, the gravity of which might threaten the future of the nation were it not that we find the production more puissant than ever, all the sources of riches in a healthy condition, our crops vigorous and splendid, and our exportation surpassing the calculations even of the optimists. So long as the conditions of the vitality of the nation are such as these, the crisis, however acute it may be, can only be ephemeral."

The more I saw of the Argentine Republic and of its inhabitants, the more strong became my conviction that the crisis of 1890 will not be so ephemeral as the President predicts. The reasons of this conviction are based upon political and social observations, rather than upon consultations of figures or of tabular statements of natural riches and resources such as several writers have drawn up, often under the genial influence of government subventions. My opinion is that it will cost the Argentine Republic years of efforts to recover from the discredit and chaos of the present crisis, and that amongst the first and most essential elements of success in this task is that of moral reform, both public and private. Whether we examine the republic from the political, the social, or the commercial point of view, we are equally astounded by its blatant and obtrusive immorality.

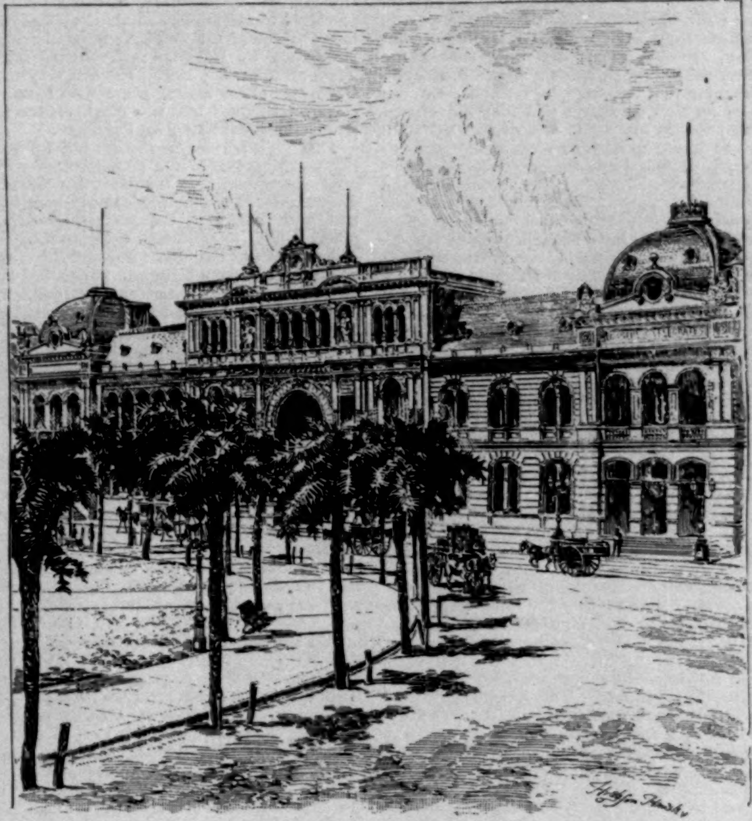
The Argentine is a republic in name only; in reality it is an oligarchy composed of men who make of politics a commerce. In the old days the sole object of the conquistadores was to acquire wealth rapidly, and such remains the ideal of the Argentines of to-day. In the colonial days the Spanish or creole population of the towns lived as functionaries and parasites, profiting by the labor of slaves and subdued Indian tribes, and their aim was wealth, and never civilization. Hence we look in vain in the old provincial capitals for traces of past splendor or for monuments such as testify to the collective civic care of the common weal. In the provincial capitals we find the offices of the representatives of the authority of Spain and a Church on which no superfluous adornment has been wasted; but we see no beneficent or educational foundations, and no evidences of unselfish social sentiments. After the declaration of independence the intestine strife which for years agitated the country had rarely other than motives of selfish ambition, for to hold power in Spanish America has always signified to possess the means of rapidly acquiring wealth.

After the cessation of the wars of Federalists and Unitarians, and the formation of the actual republic, with its Constitution *soi-disant* on the model of that of the United States, the race for wealth became all the more furious as the development of the commercial relations of the country helped to create the great fortunes of the creole *estancieros*, or cattle-breeders. Piqued by jealousy, other creoles threw themselves into politics and became venal functionaries, the aim being always personal enrichment at the expense of the nation. Nowadays the Argentine political men, with very few notable exceptions that might be counted on the fingers of one hand, from the President down to the humblest local leader, are venal without concealment and without shame. They are rapacious parasites, like the conquistadores, like the colonial functionaries, and like the ambitious adventurers who furnished the dictators and tyrants of the first half of the present century. Only at rare intervals does a good, patriotic man spring up and do something for the country, which in the normal and iniquitous state of things prospers not on account of its government, but in spite of it. The citizens, as we have seen, are always crying out against their rulers, but they take no means to change their condition. Why do they not act instead of talking? This question is natural. The answer is not easy to give in a few words. Briefly, we may say that the citizens do nothing and can do nothing against their parasitical rulers, because they are not organized and not prepared or educated for republican institutions. In the political struggles there are rarely questions of principles, but always questions of persons. President succeeds President, but the aim of all is equally selfish, and even if the opposition were transformed into the government, the whole result would be that one set of parasites would take the place of another. In the five South-American republics that I have just visited—the Argentine, Uruguay, Paraguay, Chili, and Peru—the political conditions are more or less the same; they are ruled by Presidents who are as absolute autocrats as the Czar of Russia, and even more so, because they are safe from the intrusion or influence of European criticism. The President of the Argentine or the President of Chili is master of the whole administrative organization of the country so completely that no legal and constitutional means can be brought to bear efficaciously against his personal will or caprice. He not only disposes of the armed force of the country, but the entire administrative *personnel* is his creature and at his devotion. Thus the manipulation of the whole electoral machinery is under his control, and the citizens enjoy in consequence a right of voting that is purely platonic. They may vote, it is true in many cases, as much as they please, but no account is taken of their suffrages. The whole apparatus of republicanism in these countries is a farce, and in spite of the sonorous speeches of after-dinner orators, they have not yet begun to enjoy even the most elementary political liberty.

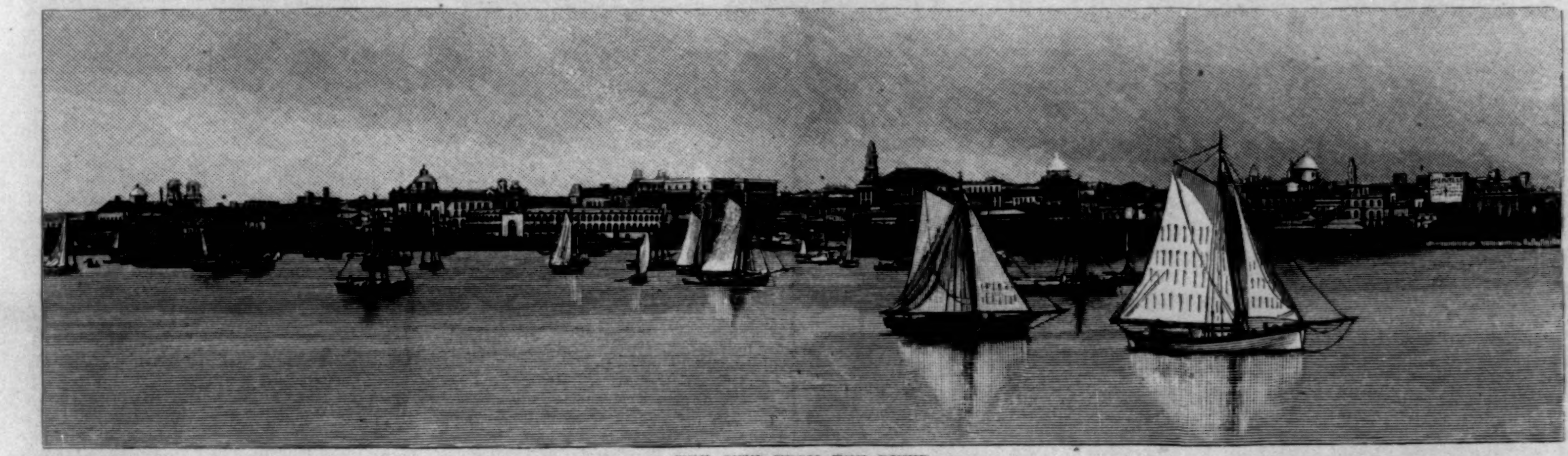
A brief glance at the past history of the South-American republics will explain why this is so. For convenience sake we will take the Argentine as an example, the history of the others being in all essential points analogous and parallel. After the separation from Spain in 1810, the Argentines, prepared by three centuries of Spanish domination to look to their rulers for everything, and to dispense with initiative of all kinds in the organization and administration of their national and economical life, were at a loss what use to make of their newly acquired liberty. They were free citizens, but they did not know what citizenship means. They



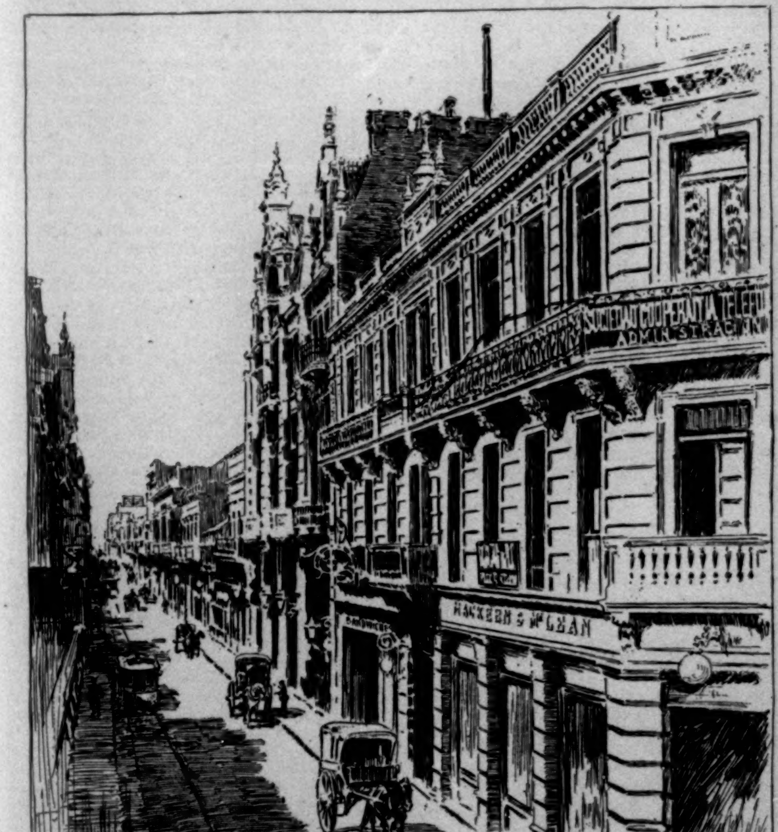
THE "CASA ROSADA," THE RESIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT AND SEAT OF THE MINISTRIES, ON THE PLAZA VICTORIA.



THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE.



THE CITY FROM THE RIVER.


SOCIEDAD COOPERATIVA TELEF
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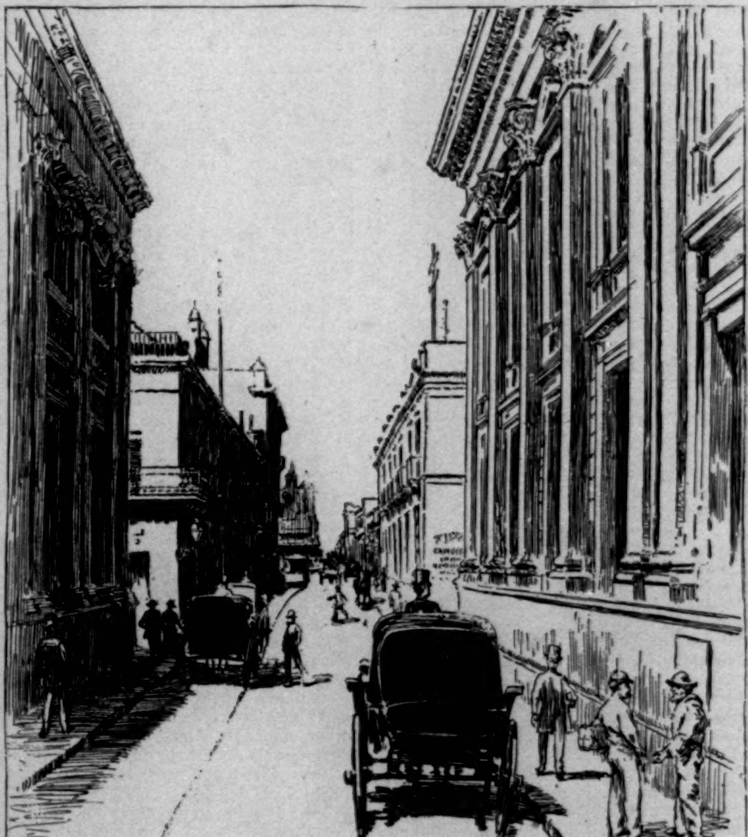
A BUSINESS BLOCK ON THE CALLE PIEDAD.



THE CALLE RECONQUISTA, IN THE CENTRE OF THE BUSINESS QUARTER.

VIEWS OF THE CITY OF BUENOS AYRES, THE CAPITAL OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.—From Photographs.